Maine Farmer.

AGRICULTURE, MECHANIC ARTS, LITERATURE, NEWS, &c.

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Maine Farmer.

S. L. BOARDMAN, Agricultural Editor.

Calendar of Forthcoming Events.

NEW ENGLAND FAIR: At Presumpscot Park and City Hall, Portland, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, Sept. 3d-7th. [Entries close August 28th. Address Samuel Wasson, Secretary, East Surry, Maine.]

MAINE STATE POMOLOGICAL SOCIETY: at Waterville, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, Sept. 25th-28th. Geo. B. Sawyer, Secretary, Wiscasset.

MAINE DAIRYMAN'S ASSOCIATION: Fall Meeting and Exhibition at Orono, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 18th-20th. J. W. Lang, Secretary, Brooks.

County Exhibitions.

LINCOLN COUNTY: at Jefferson Trotting Park, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 25th-27th. J. J. A. Hoffses, Secretary, East Jefferson.

PENOBSCOT AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY: at Orono, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 18th-20th. B. A. Barr, Secretary, Bangor.

KENNEBEC COUNTY: at Readfield, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 2d-4th. George A. Russell, Secretary, Readfield.

FRANKLIN CENTRAL: at Strong, Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 3d-4th. J. M. Kempton, Secretary, Strong.

SAGADAHOC COUNTY: at Topsham, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 9th-11th. I. E. Mallett, Secretary, Topsham.

SOMERSET CENTRAL: at Skowhegan, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 18th-20th. C. W. Woodbury, Secretary, Skowhegan.

FRANKLIN COUNTY: at Farmington, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, Oct. 10th-12th. Peter F. Tufts, Secretary, Farmington.

WEST WASHINGTON: at Jonesboro, Tuesday and Wednesday, Sept. 25th-26th. James L. Bucknam, Secretary, Columbia Falls.

ANDROSCOGGIN COUNTY: at Lewiston, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, October 2d-4th. W. E. Wright, Secretary, Lewiston.

EAST PISCATAQUIS: at Milo, Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 26th-27th. D. W. Brockway, Secretary, Milo.

WASHINGTON COUNTY: at Pembroke, Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 26th-27th. H. F. Porter, Secretary, Pembroke.

NORTH WALDO: at Thorndike Station, Thursday, Oct. 4th. Wesley Webb, Secretary, Unity.

WALDO COUNTY: at Belfast, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 24th-27th. Emery Boardman, Secretary, Belfast.

NORTH KENNEBEC: at Waterville, Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 19th-20th. A. L. McFadden, Secretary.

KNOX COUNTY: at Camden, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 20th-27th. F. W. Smith, Secretary, Rockland.

WALDO AND PENOBSCOT: at Monroe, Tuesday and Wednesday, Oct. 2d-3d. E. H. Nealley, Secretary, Monroe.

CUMBERLAND CENTRE FARMERS' CLUB: at Cumberland Centre, Tuesday and Wednesday, Oct. 2d—3d. D. L. Blanchard, secretary, Cumberland Centre.

EAST OXFORD: at Dixfield, Thursday and Friday, Sept. 27—28.

Poultry Exhibitions.

CENTRAL MAINE POULTRY ASSOCIATION: Second Annual Exhibition at Fairfield, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, Dec. 12th-14th. F. E. McFadden, Secretary, Fairfield.

ANDROSCOGGIN POULTRY ASSOCIATION: at Lewiston, Jan. 24th-26th, 1878.

Local Exhibitions.

BUXTON AND HOLLIS AGRICULTURAL ASSOCIATION: at Lord's Hall, West Buxton, Tuesday and Wednesday, Oct. 2d-3d. Ira T. Brackett, President, Buxton.

HARRISON FARMERS' CLUB: at Harrison Village, Wednesday, October 10th. Alphonzo Moulton, Secretary, Harrison.

CUMBERLAND FARMERS' CLUB: at West Cumberland, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 18th-20th. M. W. Pearson, Secretary, Cumberland.

EUREKA FARMERS' CLUB: at Rural Hall, East Surry, Wednesday and Thursday, October 17th-18th. Edgar I. Lord, Secretary, East Surry.

NORRIDGEWOCK AND SMITHFIELD: at South Norridgewock, Tuesday and Wednesday, Sept. 25th-26th. R. A. Davis, Secretary, South Norridgewock.

To New England Fair Exhibitors.

Cattle Stalls will be assigned on and after August 25th.

Stock will be received Friday and Saturday previous to the Fair, by day or night trains. I. D. FENDERSON,
Sup't Cattle Department.

New England Fair.

Exhibitors are informed that entries in the Live Stock Departments, must be made on or before August 25th, in order that proper accommodations may be secured them. Send all entries, and address all letters of enquiry to SAMUEL WASSON, Sec'y, 27 Preble Street, Portland.

Some Recollections of a Pleasant Day.

A Vacation that was not a Vacation.

We were returning from a little vacation. No, not that. The farmer who would be obliged to take his mowing machine, his grain field and his manure fork along with him if he left home for a week or two weeks' absence just for "a change" or on a "visiting," and work constantly while absent—would not find much change or rest in so doing; moreover, work done under such circumstances would be done at a great disadvantage and waste. This is what we had been doing: turning the editorial crank at a terrible wear and tear because turning it nearly a hundred miles away; arranging communications for the press under all sorts of disadvantages; reading proofs the errors of which were not received at the publication office in season to appear corrected; answering correspondence and receiving letters from everybody the same as when on duty—this surely is not vacation, but this is just the kind of vacation editors have, and the only kind they are ever known to have. In fact we have not had a vacation, as such, free from the tread-mill of editorial life for a period of fourteen years—except when for six months, at different times, stretched upon a sick bed! And yet there are people who talk about the easy times editors have and the grand vacations which they enjoy!

We had been spending a little time at that grand beach—the most magnificent on all our Eastern coast—old Orchard; had given a few days to Portland and the islands of its beautiful harbor, and were on the point of leaving for the hard work and poor fare of home; work that would be cheerfully because easily performed, and fare which would be eaten with rejoicing because partaken with all the freedom imaginable under our own roof—when we received an invitation to pass the day at the country home of Gen. John Marshall Brown, a well-known Portland banker, President of the State Agricultural Society, and a thorough farmer and lover of country life. We had long heard of his delightful place at Falmouth "Fore-side," and gladly accepted the kind invitation. The ride from the city across

Tukey's Bridge

to East Deering, past the U. S. Marine Hospital, and across the long bridge which spans the Presumpscot river, over the historic ground where English settlements were made as early as 1632, and down to the picturesque cape on which

Thornhurst Farm

is situated, is one which gives many delightful views of land and water, although marred by many evidences of slovenly farming—and this, too, on land which, if decently treated, would be almost unlimited in production—and a still more slovenly system of highway administration which is one of the banes of our boasted civilization and which transforms an otherwise charming section into an unsightly and unpleasant blotch. Still, it is positively delightful to ride along this indented coast with its quiet coves and finely wooded shores; its beautiful islands and capes with glimpses of old ocean in the distance; its picturesque ledges studded with ferns and shrubs, and its grand old oaks and pines and walnuts. And down here on a little cape known as Bartlett's Point, at a distance of about five miles from Portland, and reached by a private drive winding along through the pines and around the ledgy bluffs is Thornhurst Farm, comprising in all some eighty acres. The house is located near the extremity of the point, with the waters of Casco bay on three sides, and into which from either window a stone could easily be thrown with the hand. It is a house built for comfort and enjoyment, surrounded with broad verandas, and so planned that every part is made good use of. The splendid barn formerly upon the place—as many of our readers will remember—was burned in April last, and a new stable is being built to partially take its place. The soil of the farm presents a good variety for different purposes, the green fields being mainly a strong clayey loam which yielded about two tons of hay per acre, and at the time of our visit were bearing a second crop which would yield three-fourths of a ton to the acre. A field of three or four acres of oats were remarkably heavy and handsome, the finest field we have seen for the season. Gen. Brown has a choice herd of something like a dozen finely bred Jerseys and their grades, keeps a considerable number of swine and several horses for farm work and driving. There is a good vegetable garden, a handsome lawn beautified by ornamental planting, and three men are constantly employed upon the place.

Thornhurst Farm is not carried on as a business enterprise. Its owner is a thorough lover of farming and farm life, and prefers the quiet and beauty of this retired spot to any attractions which the town may offer. He lives here from choice; and the farm, though as we have said, it is not carried on as a business operation, is made to furnish these factors of actual life—a home; abundance of milk, butter and vegetables; horses for pleasure and work, and pasturage and hay for the subsistence of stock kept upon the farm. Furnishing these, it is believed that the farm *pays*. One of the most attractive features at Thornhurst is

The Library,

which occupies a room at the right of the main hall, and is believed to be the most valuable private collection of books in the State. After we had driven over the place and visited the many points of interest and beauty along the coast, we spent an hour or two in the quiet of this delightful room with its walls lined with books on all sides from floor to ceiling. As a collection of works relating to Maine, New England, and generally to American history and biography, Gen. Brown's library is unsurpassed. Almost everything that has been printed relating to Maine is here gathered—local histories, biographies, orations, sermons, addresses, &c., together with rare works relating to the Indians, to the North Eastern boundary, to our railroads, manufacturing industries, agriculture, &c. The same is true of the New England States, and of local American history generally. There are, besides, works of general literature, poetry, science, natural history, with sets of the leading reviews, magazines, &c., the whole forming a collection of about six thousand volumes: such as the earnest scholar and devoted historian would naturally gather about him. Few indeed can possess so rare a collection, or having the taste, have the means to gratify it.

The evening was spent under the broad porch surrounding the house and commanding a fine view of the coast and islands in Casco bay. The sunset was a glorious one, and at 9 o'clock the reflection of its beams upon the smooth waters of the cove opposite was sufficient to enable one to read the morning paper with ease: and we imagine there are few places on the coast of Maine where from the same position upon the verandа one can obtain a sunrise and a sunset glimmer upon the waters of the same bay.

We have failed to record here but a little of the pleasant recollections of that happy day spent at Thornhurst: and what has been said has been written under great disadvantages—a head suffering from neuralgia, and a hand trembling from exhaustion under a depleting attack of cholera morbus. But the FARMER must be printed every week, and that everlasting cry for "more copy" haunts us like a demon of unsatisfied selfishness. So, good-bye.

Insurance of Farm Buildings.

We give the following from the *American Agriculturist*, the prominence of our editorial columns, because we wish to enforce the truth and the principle which it advocates. At this day insurance is so cheap and so safe, that no person, and especially no farmer should be without a good and sufficient policy of insurance in some reliable stock company on all his buildings. Read carefully what our contemporary says:—

"No farmer can afford to have his homestead or buildings uninsured. To have them burned by accident would be ruinous to him, and a conflagration, which may occur at any moment, might involve the loss of buildings, tools, implements, live stock, and crops. No farmer can afford to run this risk while safe insurance is to be had so cheaply. But unless the insurance is procured in a perfectly safe and honorable company, the policy is hardly to be held as any security. In choosing a company in which to insure, it would be wise to select one which does an extensive business throughout the country, and thus lessens the risk of loss, averaging, as it were, its risks. Those insured are always more watchful and careful of danger. The wise precautions enforced by the insurance company, beget a habit of precaution and carefulness on the part of the insured, particularly when it is known that a want of care, and the reckless use of lights and fire, will vitiate a policy. Then dangerous and explosive oils will be avoided, and only those that are known to be perfectly safe to use, will be burned. There will be no smoking in the barn, nor matches left loosely on the girts or sills. It is a peculiarity of mankind that they will more readily obey any regulations made for them, than follow their own knowledge of what ought to be done. Men would rather be governed than govern themselves, and very readily submit to reasonable control. Thus it is always found that greater neatness, carefulness, and caution are found about farm buildings when they are insured. No careful business man will run the risk of losing his property by fire, and every farmer should be a business man."

☞The annual meeting of the Maine Agricultural Society, for the election of officers, will be holden in Portland, at the Superior Court Room, City Hall Building, on the third day of the Fair, Sept. 5th, at 8 o'clock, P. M.

☞The sudden and severe illness of Mr. Boardman, will be an apology for a lack of the usual editorial variety this week.

Scheme for a Department of Agriculture.

Among the names mentioned of persons likely to make an acceptable head of the Department of Agriculture,—while the question of a successor to judge Watts was an open one—was that of Dr. E. Lewis Sturtevant of Massachusetts, a gentleman well known as among the leading agricultural chemists and experimenters of the day, the editor of the *Scientific Farmer*, and himself a practical, as well as a scientific agriculturist, a man of keen intellect, and good organizing ability. While his name was being put forward for the above position, we received from some source a circular, of which the following is a copy, and which was understood to have emanated from Dr. Sturtevant, and to have embraced his own ideas as to the plan and methods of work of a National Department of Agriculture. It is so clear in its outline, presents so many original and important views, and is capable of doing so much good—even if applied to State Departments of Agriculture—that we hesitate little in giving it to our readers, and in so doing trust we betray no confidence. It is commended to Gen. Le Duc in the belief that he will find it of immense advantage in reorganizing and setting at work the forces of the Department over which he has been called as chief:—

I. The agricultural department should, while retaining the good will of farmers, treat them more as men than as children, and should treat agriculture as a great interest requiring development, rather than as a toy.

1. Its duties should consist of reporting the state of agriculture as it exists each year in the different sections of the country.

2. In reporting upon the methods of agriculture, and the means for its improvement, with reference to the various sections of the country.

3. In showing the relations of agricultural values to climate, to commerce and to population.

4. In showing the relations of special branches of agriculture to locality.

5. In fixing and defining agricultural knowledge, in order to afford a guide to improvement in practical agriculture.

II. Its methods should be for the statistical one, furnishing tables of average crops, areas, &c., and the comparison of these with the results of the better farming of each locality treated as a section, and as well bringing into prominence the average costs and profits, and the relations of production and values, as mutually influencing.

For 2, its endeavor should be to bring before the farmers of the country the methods used in the most successfully farmed districts, and their adaptation or non-adaptation for general use. Using principles, and fortifying these by examples.

For 3, bringing into prominence the relations of crop and climate, and indicating the importance of the latter as determining the crop and the method. The effect of distance from market upon values, and thus its connection with the systems of husbandry pursued, and from these examples indicating the direction for improvement. The relations to population, showing the value of a consuming population near at hand to the farmer.

For 4, indicating where special branches of husbandry may well be developed, illustrating by reports and examples: such as silk-husbandry, irrigation, sheep-raising, pig-feeding, and the like.

For 5, utilizing the working power of the department in seeking replies for the practical questions which arise each day on the farm, for developing a knowledge of newly discovered materials, and for indicating the bearings of agricultural facts, whether originating with the department, or imported from abroad. Here we would class the efforts of individuals, who should be encouraged to research and experiment under the control and suggestion of the department.

As a supplementary duty, the department library should be placed at the service of agricultural thinkers, through the department publications, through correspondence, and otherwise.

New varieties of vegetable productions which promises adaptation to our agriculture should be brought to the attention of the public, and yearly encouraged by a judicious distribution of cuttings or seeds, or young plants.

A museum should be collected in such a way as to show its connection with uses.

A just supervision should be had over colleges and schools, founded wholly, or in part, under government patronage.

Above all, the effort of the department should be national, not sectional; of its commissioner, should be asked a laborious attention to his duties, so that the confidence of the community should be retained, even while the department heads agricultural progress, innovating in such a manner as to convince.

Programme of the New England Fair.

We republish with the latest corrections by the Trustees, for the benefit of our readers who desire to attend the programme of exercises of the approaching Fair and Exhibition of the New England and Maine State Society, which opens in Portland on Monday next:

First Day, Sept. 3. Superintendents will be engaged in receiving and arranging articles and animals for exhibition. All animals and articles should be in practicable, in their appropriate place on the grounds or at the hall, this day, except butter and fresh flowers, which if entered on the books, can be brought in Tuesday. The gates will be open to visitors on this day at 1 o'clock P. M.

Second day, Sept. 4. The gates will be open to visitors at 8 o'clock A. M. At 10 o'clock the opening address by Hon. George B. Loring, President of the New England Society, at his headquarters, after which the committee at the park will be called and books of entries will be delivered. At eleven o'clock a grand procession around the track of the horses and cattle on exhibition. At 1 o'clock P. M. the awarding commitees will commence their examinations in all classes on exhibition at the park. Exhibitors must have their stock in readiness at the time and place named or it will not be examined. Exhibition in hall day and evening. Afternoon—Trials of speed and amusements.

Third day, Sept. 5. At six o'clock committees in City Hall will be called and books of entries delivered, and the awarding committees will commence their examinations. At 9 o'clock trained steers and pulling oxen will be shown on the track in front of the Judge's stand. At 10 o'clock, a special display of implements in implement hall. Afternoon—Trials of speed and game of La Crosse.

Fourth day, Sept. 6. At 8 o'clock, trial of plows, cultivators, pulverizers, etc. Competitors must report promptly. The reports of the Judges must be handed in to the Secretaries before 9 o'clock Thursday morning, except in trial of plows, etc. At 11 o'clock, for one hour the track will be open and free to pleasure riders. Afternoon—Trials of speed and game of La Crosse.

Fifth day, Sept. 7. At 8 o'clock A. M., auction sales of fine stock of all kinds and such other commodities as may be offered, will take place and continue till 11 o'clock. At 11 1-4 A. M., grand cavalcade of all the premium stock, at the close of which the Superintendents will announce publicly the hour and order in which animals will be received at the cars. At 1 o'clock P. M., stock can be taken from the grounds. Afternoon—Trials of speed and amusements will close at the park.

The exhibition at City Hall will close at 10 1-2 P. M.

Communications.

For the Maine Farmer.

Notes from Somerset County—III.

A Few Wheat Records.

Potatoes have been for years a leading crop in this county. The area planted the present season is considerably larger than usual. Six to ten acre patches are quite common, and some have as high as twenty acres. The area of wheat is also considerably increased from former years. The Lost Nation and the Norton are the varieties mostly sown. I am informed that the latter originated with Mr. Norton of Madison. For early sowing it is liked quite as well as the Lost Nation. It is a bald wheat with the exception of a small wisp of beards at the top of the head. A large part of the wheat in this vicinity the present season was sown late, much of it in June. I find quite a large number of farmers that have raised enough for their own use right along for years. Mr. Erastus Walker of Embden, an old friend and patron of the FARMER raised in 1874, ninety bushels from less than three acres.

Mr. R. Clark has one of the best farms in Concord, some eighty acres of interval on the Kennebec, opposite the town of Bingham. He has this year eight acres of wheat, spring and winter, that promised well when I was at his place. H. S. Woodcock of Ripley last year raised 68 1-2 bushels from three acres, and he has the prospect of a better yield the present season. In nine years, more than $300 worth of wheat was sold from the farm on which he lives. C. G. Jones of this town raised last year 58 bushels from 1 7-8 acres. He has five acres this year looking finely. Mr. C. B. Danforth of Skowhegan, last season raised good wheat from Lost Nation seed that was sown the 24th of June. I mention this to illustrate what *may* be done, though early sown grain this year is much better than late, and I think where grass seed is sown with wheat it had better be sown before the tenth of May if the land is in suitable condition.

Bingham Village.

On the east side of the Kennebec is one of the prettiest villages in the State. The principal street is parallel with the river, through an interval flat of some two miles by nearly one in width. There is a mountain stream on the east, so that the land falls off both ways from this street, which is tastefully ornamented with shade trees. This village has grown right along through the hard times, several stores and dwelling houses having been built within a few years. A nice two story school building was erected last season. Richardson & Turner last year put up a steam saw mill with planer, where they are prepared to do almost any kind of wood work. They also have a starch factory in connection with their mill. The Austin stream plowing through the village per part of the village affords water power on which are saw and grist mills. Baker's driving corks for river driver's boats are here manufactured by C. M. & A. Baker, the only manufactory of the kind in the United States so far as I know. They fill large orders for the West.

Bingham to the Forks.

This route by way of The Forks and Moose River is the only road direct from this State into Canada. From Bingham village to "Carney's" in Moscow is eight miles, where Mr. C., is ever on hand to attend to the wants of the outer man, beguile a leisure half hour with an entertaining story, or to pilot you to the best trout ponds in the vicinity. From Carney's to Carratunk is six miles. Mr. Joseph Clark commenced here twenty-three years ago, since which time he has been largely engaged in lumbering on his own account and in company with the Coburns of Skowhegan. His son Omar Clark now has charge of the old place. They have a "cutting" of thirty-five acres which they intend to burn and put into winter wheat this season. Nine miles further up to The Forks village, the head quarters of the Kennebec river drivers. The Forks Hotel in charge of Joseph Clark, Esq., was built and furnished two years since at an expense of some twelve or fifteen thousand dollars by Mr. Clark and ex-Gov. Coburn. The house is 70 by 35 ft., three stories high with ell same size and height, furnished in good shape for the accommodation of from one hundred to one hundred and fifty guests. The distance across from the Forks to the Bangor and Piscataquis Railroad is only some twelve or fifteen miles. A road is contemplated here.

Part of the distance from Bingham to The Forks there are fine interval farms, and a part of the distance bold rocky bluffs come to the water's edge. Formerly the road went over these hills back from the river. The road now follows the back of the river on the side of these bluffs over what is called "Dug Ways." The road bed for the most part is a hard, coarse gravel, than which nothing is better for a road. Altogether this is one of the most splendid twenty mile drives in the State. From The Forks to the Parlin Pond House is just fifteen miles, where the proprietor Jonathan Bean, has a good grass and grain farm bordered on one side by Parlin Pond, in which are as nice trout as angler ever need wish for. Four miles farther on is the Jackman Place. From the Jackman Place to Moose River settlement is eleven miles, mostly through an unbroken forest. The collector of internal revenue Judge James G. Waugh, has an office here, being only some fourteen miles from the Canada line. There is quite a village here, largely dependent upon the lumbering business, surrounded by a prosperous farming community. Large crops of grass and grain are obtained.

Some Good Farms.

Brighton for the most part is naturally rough and rocky, though there are many profitable farms here, well adapted to grass and grain. Some of these side hills of deep rocky soil stand a drouth as well as anything I have seen in the State. A pleasant call was made upon Sumner Rowell, who has a farm well adapted to stock raising. He keeps some twenty head of good stock. He has this season nearly seven acres of fine looking wheat and some stout grown corn. Daniel Pease of Cambridge, has illustrated what may be done at farming in Maine by hard work and good management. Some twelve years since he bought a two hundred acre lot for $950, considerable of which had been cleared, but very poorly improved except by a growth of bushes. The buildings were almost entirely worthless, and it cut only fifteen tons of hay. The first two years he raised 16 bushels of oats. It was a deep strong soil, naturally very rocky, as no one can doubt who sees the amount of double wall to be from eight to ten feet in width. He has some forty acres cleared of rocks in good shape to run a mowing machine. He has this year two acres of corn, three of potatoes, six of wheat and fourteen of other kinds of grain. His stock consists of four horses, seventeen cattle and fifty sheep. Mr. P., thinks he cleared $3000 in nine years, besides putting up as good a set of buildings as any farmer need desire.

C. S. A.

For the Maine Farmer.

A Disclaimer.

In an editorial note attached to my article "Print in Capitals," you are pleased to say that you "Do not know what our [your] amiable correspondent is driving at," but that the communication is inserted because you make it a point not to reject any thing coming from me. At first, I thought to thank you for the compliment, but just then it occurred to me that if all my articles were inserted for the same reason rather than for their merit, the compliment was rather equivocal, to say the least. But let that pass. What I took my pen for this evening was to disclaim all want of "amiability." If my words were illy chosen it is my misfortune but certainly not my (intended) crime. I thought perhaps my age and experience might give me the right to speak in beisif of my brother farmers, and it was this that I intended to do.

As I said in the article alluded to, I sometimes get cross and feel that I must "speak or bust" when I read the instruction and advice of the agricultural papers. We are told in the spring to plant an extra acre of corn and to put in an extra acre or two of wheat—to do our work better and manure our land higher. Then we are told to put in a big bit of fodder corn and an acre or two of Hungarian, and to turn over the old fields that produce little hay and sow oats for fodder—then to be ready for haying the middle of June and to cut it all and put it in the barn without dew or rain, and after haying to put in a good piece of English turnips and a few acres of winter wheat, the whole to be made rich by "liberal manuring"; and then we are told each summer to go into the swales and runs during the yellow days of August and clean up the bushes, stumps, hassocks and rocks, put in underdrains and get out unlimited supplies of muck. Well, Mr. Editor, this is just about what we are trying to do, or rather what we would be glad to do, but like all other people who pay their bills, we must cut our garment according to our cloth. But while doing this year after year, farmers as a class are growing no richer. We don't complain of the work, but the cross feeling comes of being goaded while we are doing our best. Sometimes we ask ourselves, how many of these warm, earnest exhortations were written at Old Orchard, Kineo, Squirrel Island, or some other quiet resort, the writer sprawled out under the shade of a friendly tree, while his wife and little ones are swinging their hammock from the boughs—and we sometimes fancy that we see the Editor, as he lazily turns himself upon one elbow, blows the smoke from his fragrant Havana, looks up towards the hammock and says, "Well, dear, I guess that will keep those fellows digging muck another week, now for a game of croquet."

But we don't envy you nor grudge your comfort. If your lines have "fallen to you in pleasant places" we congratulate you on your good fortune and honor you for your devotion to the interests of the farmer: but we fear you do not quite comprehend the situation. Let us suppose for a moment that things were so changed that merchants, clerks, teachers, mechanics and professional gentlemen and ladies were compelled—yes, that is the word—compelled to work twelve to sixteen hours a day year out and year in, week days and Sundays, (for if the farmer or the farmer's wife go to church on the Sabbath that is as busy a day as any one of the week,) in heat and cold, no excursions, no vacations, but one continual round of steady hard work—that the wife was obliged to get up four hours in the morning, to make butter and cheese, board hired men, wash their clothes, and in addition do the ordinary work of the family—while farmers were able to lie in bed till six or seven o'clock in the morning and then sit around an hour or two longer in dressing-gown and slippers, go to all the excursions and centennials, have a vacation through the hot weather, drive a good team and wear good clothes and shiny boots while the wife wore pinback dresses, six button gloves, and rode out or made calls in the afternoon—I say, if this thing was so changed about, would things in general be any more quiet than now? Would professional men then know what we were "driving at" when we exhorted them to "hoe in," to find no fault but try and do more next year?

But perhaps I have said enough for this time. I should have said nothing about the matter but for the fact that I have been urged to both personally and by letter. Several of the intelligent and well-known farmers of Kennebec have personally thanked me for the article alluded to and congratulated me upon it. From a letter from one of the noted farmers of the county of Franklin, a man of standing and influence, I extract the following: "I want to thank you for your article in the FARMER, 'Print it in Capitals.' I think you not only refreshed yourself but farmers generally. I feel better. Please give us some more." One of the best known farmers on the Kennebec said to me: "No matter whether he knows what you are driving at or not—the farmers know and will thank you for taking their part." D. H. THING.

Clear View, 10 1-2 *P. M., Aug.* 20, 1877.

For the Maine Farmer.

Experience with Winter Wheat.

I have been much interested in the recent articles in the FARMER, detailing the experience of the writers in the growth of winter wheat. The discussion is timely and important, and I hope may be continued. I have raised winter wheat for some years, not by any means making the wheat a speciality, my main object having been to improve and get into grass a tract of low, wet land, which I have drained and redrained. My practice has been to seed to grass in September, and at the time of seeding down to sow wheat, and though not always making a crop of wheat, the result has been such as to induce me to continue the practice, for I have always been sure of a good crop of grass, in case the wheat failed. During the first week in September last, I sowed to wheat eight acres, using ten bushels of seed. Five acres of this land was a good strong loam land, which had been planted to corn in 1875, and had grown oats in 1876. No manure had been used, except Bradley's superphosphate on the corn. All of the lot, excepting half an acre, which had been in turnips, was full of quack (witch grass). The ground was plowed in August, harrowed and manured at the rate of seven and one half cords to the acre, and otherwise treated as the other piece, excepting that it had become so compact from the necessity of driving over it to remove the large quantity of stone, that the roller was not used. Both pieces were sowed to timothy at the time of sowing the wheat, and to cover the following April. A large portion of the latter piece was badly winter killed, the strong growth made by the grass seriously affecting the wheat. We have just finished threshing and the yield is 184 bushels machine measure, of as handsome wheat as I ever saw—112 of which grew on the five acre lot, and 72 on the three acre lot. Upon that portion of the five acre lot which had been in turnips, and was free from quack, I think the yield was fully up to the extraordinary one reported by Mr. Butman. The kernel of this wheat is very white, plump, and heavy. It weighs 64 lbs to the measured bushel. I send you a sample of the heads, also the product of a single head, 93 kernels. I do not know the name of the wheat, it is from seed procured for me by Wm. Sparrow in Montreal, in 1862. It makes the very best of flour. My own experience fully satisfies me that upon good clean land, in suitable conditon, winter wheat is as sure a crop as spring wheat, provided it is sowed as early as September 1st, and covered not less than two inches deep, and certainly, for milling purposes, it is vastly superior. L. S. MOORE.

Limerick, August 22d.

For the Maine Farmer.

Top-Dressing.

For the general improvement of the farm, or where hay raising is the main object, top-dressing if rightly managed is the right thing. By this system mowing fields can be brought into a good grass-bearing condition in half the time and with, half the cost which would be required by the planting process. The quantity of manure necessary for planting one acre, would top-dress two. Farmers in this section break up on an average about one acre a year, and seed down the same quantity. Now suppose a farmer at the age of twenty-one to take a field of thirty acres and practice the above method. He will get over his fields when he is fifty-one if he has good success. His farm will show but little improvement, and if he has ploughed very deep it will be poorer than when he took it. If he would use half of his manure for top-dressing he could in a few years plant one, and top-dress two acres, which would produce as much weight of hay as two acres of newly seeded down land and of better quality.

A large quantity of manure for that purpose can be made during the season by using green manure mixed with muck, dirt, ashes, and whatever may be scraped up around the buildings, together with an occasional shower of liquid manure. The better way is, to build a yard tightly boarded by the size that can be filled up about three feet, as a flat surface is better than the mound shaped and if the hogs should happen to get into it, don't worry. After you have read all the advice which you get every year to top-dress immediately after haying, be very careful not to do it, for if your dressing is all, or a part of it, what would be termed barnyard manure, it will either be dried so hard that it cannot be pulverized, (which makes it nearly worthless) or if it is so moist that it does not dry up it will be devoured by insects. Disturb manure which has been dropped in July or August, and if it has lain long enough, there will be nothing left but a mass of woody fibre. The fall after the dry weather is over is the best time, as it saves the weak roots, makes the strong stronger, and puts them in good condition for the next years growth, and it gets washed into the upper soil, and around the roots which protect them in winter and summer. Begin to haul on to the field before it becomes too soft, and tip in cart loads at proper distances, then spead when it looks like rain. After it has rained go over it with a brush drag made by taking thorn bushes or grey birch fastened to a crosspiece six feet long, and continue the operation after each rain until it is well pulverized. Top-dress on smooth land in fair condition. If the land is badly run out turn it flat over not more than five or six inches deep, then manure and work when the ground is dry. It may be ploughed in the spring or fall, but should be sowed in the spring. L.

Thomaston.

For the Maine Farmer.

Writing for the Public.

Undoubtedly I ought to take most of this right home to myself; but, whether I ought, or not, "it is so," that a large share of the contempt to which much of the agricultural press is subject, is due to the inexperience in farming, of its correspondents. I have in my mind more than one, who write for the FARMER, and write well too, who have made farming a failure, or have not made it a success. I have seen in the agricultural press, a number of articles treating upon subjects, to form a trustworthy opinion of which it requires a life time of study; and those articles were written by those whose opinion gained by experience, is entitled to no great weight. But it may be asked if they have no experience upon the subject, how do they write so well? It is plain enough. Good books on farming are as easily obtained by them, as by experienced farmers, and extracts, clothed in different words easily made.

Now I do not say these articles are not good, they generally are. But coming from the source they do, and many good farmers knowing this, with them it casts a shadow of disrespect over the whole thing. I know many farmers who began with nothing, yes less than nothing, because they were in debt, who have made farming a grand success, whose fine flocks and herds it is a pleasure to see, whose well filled barns and granaries it is good to look at, and whose home and surroundings are ornaments to their towns and the pride of their owners. Now these are men whose opinion I respect, because they have made life a success (in a worldly view) and at whose feet I love to sit and listen, because they know whereof they speak. Now we never see their names "in the papers," for the reason I have mentioned. They having proved most of the vital points of farming, have no faith in those who speak theoretically. In conversation with a practical farmer lately, I refered to an article from a reliable agriculturist in proof of what I said. Now he was a plain hearted man as you must admit by his answers. "Oh," says he, it is all very well for *you* and and A. B., to write about such things; but those who have had experience in the matter pay little or no attention to it, and the fact that such ones do write, hurts farming more than any other one thing." All of which I was forced to admit. What young farmers want is practical advice from practical men, men whose opinions they are bound to respect. There are farmers who with their pens, can, in an hour, impart to the young farmer as much on a certain subject as they can learn in a life time of study and experience. And what a great benefit to the beginner to commence with the advantage of the experience of a life time gained in this manner. Nevertheless, our columns are always open to all well written articles coming within the scope of our journal from any responsible source.—ED.]

Freedom. QUERCUS ALBA.

For the Maine Farmer.

Women in the Haying Field.

I was born in York County, Maine, and lived there till a young man, when farmers cut their wheat with sickles and thrashed with flails; flour mills were poor, but I think we had better bread than now, with all the modern improvements. I recollect an old lame man hired me to reap a day. He asked me if I, with another good reaper, could reap two bushels sowing of spring rye in one day. I answered, Yes. I went on the appointed day, and he sent his daughter, about my own age, to work with me. She was a smart reaper, and Mary Jane and I finished the two bushels sowing of rye before night. I came East and Mary Jane went West, and over a half century has passed since I have heard from her, but I have no doubt she has made some farmer a good wife—a real helpmeet.

But times have changed in fifty years, and I have not since seen a woman reaper till this summer. A relative of mine married a young woman from Nova Scotia, and they came to make me a visit. She came into the field where I and my grandson were reaping wheat, and taking my sickle, reaped two good hours. At the rate she laid down the grain I could afford to give her $1.50 per day, and I think she is as much entitled to be called a lady as though she had spent the time spinning street-yarn.

D. ANTHROPOS.

For the Maine Farmer.

Agricultural Intelligence.

Notes from Lincoln County.

The weather has been very dry here for the past two months until within a few days. And now that rain has come, I hope the dry spell has broken for this season. There will not be a very large yield from any of the crops in Lincoln county this fall. The apple crop is said to be a failure, and as to potatoes, there cannot be a very large yield, in consequence of the dry weather. The grain crop is nothing more than a fair yield, as a general thing; wheat has done the best I think. The pastures are very dry, and therefore the feed is short. Wells and cisterns have gone dry and there has been a constant longing for rain, which has come at last. It will not only help the cisterns and wells, but also the feed.

Waldoboro, August 18. A. S. KALER.

Good Stock in Solon.

Some three years since, Captain Moses French started a herd of Herefords, from the stock of Messrs. G. and G. Underwood of Fayette. He now has nine head, all good animals, some very nice. His bull two years old is very fine shaped, and promises to be an extra animal for stock, as shown by the calves of his get that I saw, one of which was as fat a calf as I ever saw. His stock was in good condition last spring, though he fed no provender through the winter. Capt. F. intends to make breeding of thoroughbred stock a leading business. C. S. A.

Gleanings among Exchanges

Books are the Farmers' Tools.

Every profession and trade has its literature. The clergyman has his theological works; the lawyer his legal library; the teacher his text-books and educational periodicals; the physician his medical library, and the farmer should have his literature. Generally they succeed best who are most intelligent in their special employment. An agricultural library of books and periodicals is a congress of counsellors. It contains the results of varied and rich experiences. We learn but a small part of what we know by personal experience. It is often an unnecessarily dear school, where we confine ourselves too much to it. Money expended for well-chosen books relating to the farm, orchard, garden and stock, is the greatest economy. Every man feels a natural impulse saying to him, "What you know as useful publish for the benefit of other." Every man should feel a corresponding impulse saying, "What you need to know, seek from others, as well as to learn by experience—listen, read." "He also that has eyes to see let him read.—*National Farmer, Cincinnati, Ohio.*

Farm Villages.

"There is no necessity," says the *American Agriculturist*, "that farmers should be isolated so much as they generally are, nor any need that the farm buildings should be in the centre of each farm. It is simply a matter of figures and calculation, as to whether the saving of a few hours' labor—or a few days in the aggregate—yearly, in hauling the crops to the barn, with the barn and house in the centre of the farm, and a mile from the nearest neighbor, is of more value or more convenient than to have one's neighbors closer and one's fields further off. There are many advantages in having three or four homesteads contiguous and forming a hamlet, or with a few tenant houses or cottages, a small village. This is especially desirable in the West, where the land was originally so divided that four farms necessarily meet at one corner where two roads cross. Where farms are 160 acres in extent, there would then be four houses together at every mile; four sets of farm buildings; four orchards and four plantation, which would condense the shelter provided by these, and make it much more effective than when scattered half-a-mile apart. At or near one of these corners the blacksmith's shop and other conveniences would naturally be located, and in time a farm village would be built up. There would be far better social opportunities than farmers now enjoy, and many opportunities for combining labor and capital in joint enterprises. The scattered appearance of the houses in the early settlement of a new western country, and even of the more substantial homes

Maine Farmer.

Augusta, September 1, 1877.

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Collectors' Notices.

Mr. C. S. AYER will call upon our subscribers in Franklin county during the month of August.

Mr. J. P. CLARK will visit Penobscot county during July and August.

Mr. S. N. Taber will call upon our subscribers in Augusta, the last week in August.

Patent Flour.

A few years ago there were only two grades of flour in the market, and these were distinguished as superfine and extra. From one to two dollars was the difference in the price, and as all flour offered for sale by the barrel must be inspected, and must conform to a standard fixed by law, there was little danger of getting an article unfit for use. The inferior grade was required to be good, sweet flour, but was a shade or two darker than the other. The superfine was regarded as fully or more conducive to health than the other, and much more of it was sold.

Within a few years the grades of flour have become so multiplied as to confuse one, and it is often quite difficult to determine what it is best to buy. Several patents have been issued for what are claimed to be improved methods of separating the flour from the bran, and more recently we have a patent flour which it is said is extracted from bran or middlings. In the market now we have low grade, superfine, extra, double extra, triple extra, family, fancy and patent, and several other divisions designating either the place where the wheat is grown or where the flour is manufactured. We also have red wheat and white and spring and winter. The low grades cover several brands which are unfit for food, and it is our judgment the highest grade does not make healthy bread. In these patent processes the object has been to manufacture an article which shall be entirely free from bran or offal, and in this they have measurably succeeded. They have obtained flour composed almost entirely of starch and gluten, which is beautifully white, but to obtain this quality they have been obliged to sacrifice other qualities which are essential to wholesome bread. If families would only use liberally of brown or Graham bread, making it a part of each meal, they could use the patent flour with impunity, but there are many families in which flour, and the highest grade, is the only article of breadstuff made use of.

We are willing to allow that the purer the flour the more nutritious it is, but it is not natural and therefore not healthful for either man or animal to take his food in this condensed form. In the animal economy, and this applies to man as an animal, it is one of the conditions of health that a certain amount of indigestible matter shall be taken into the system with the food. The object of this is to excite the peristaltic action of the alimentary canal and assist in digesting and assimilating the nutritive portions, and we know of nothing better adapted to that purpose than the covering of the kernel which is composed partly of vegetable and partly of mineral matter, and is insoluble by the gastric juices. In the lowest grades of flour which we find in the market, there is a too large proportion of indigestible matter, but from a sanitary stand-point, it is more wholesome than that which has none at all.

Some years ago a friend of ours, a master of a vessel, was taking some horses to the West Indies, and the voyage being prolonged by calms and contrary winds the long forage shipped for them became entirely exhausted, and there was nothing to feed them on but flour. The result was that the animals sickened and several of them died. The captain, thinking that a little more air might be beneficial, allowed some of them to be brought on deck, and one of them, happening to go near the carpenter's bench, began to devour the oak shavings. The hint was taken and shavings were afterwards mixed with the flour and the remaining horses were saved. This little incident, told us many years ago, exactly illustrates the case in point.

For those whose diet is made up largely of flour bread or flour in some form, the intermediate grades are preferable. They contain the substance of the wheat, not having been robbed of either the lower or higher grades. Part of that found in the lower grades and all of that found in the higher are contained in what is usually denominated "family flour," and for the purposes of wholesome bread they must be there. The consumers of the lower grades get too much of the bran or indigestible part and not enough of the nutritious, while those who use exclusively the highest grade suffer from having the bread robbed of what is essential to health.

When the farmers of Maine shall raise their own wheat, and we believe the day is not far distant when they will do so, they can always have good, wholesome bread, for they can have their wheat ground to suit them; and we must say that the sweetest and best flour bread, though not the whitest, that we have ever tasted, we have found upon the tables of our Maine farmers, made from home raised wheat. There is a rich flavor about it which bread made from western flour has not and cannot have.

☞A correspondent of the Kennebec *Journal* reports that Henry Plummer of Skowhegan, dry goods dealer, has had in his employ for over three years a young woman in charge of the dress-making department. Goods have been constantly missed, and at last suspicion fell upon her. Her boarding place was searched and some $600 worth of goods were found, including two silk dress patterns, $50 worth of Hamburgs, kid gloves, and all kinds of finery, containing Plummer's mark. She is known to have money in the bank, and is supposed to have profusely supplied her relatives with various articles. Mr. Plummer is unable accurately to estimate his loss, but thinks, as she has frequently had full charge of the store, she may have taken $2000 or $3000 in goods and money. On the other hand, the young lady affirms that she can explain matters and fully acquit herself.

☞The Portland *Advertiser*, of Monday says: While a party of guests accompanied by Col. Nichols, landlord of the Ocean House, were near the Two Lights yesterday, viewing the heavy breakers along the shore, one of the number, a Boston gentleman, ventured too near for safety, and was struck by a heavy wave, knocked from his feet and dashed into a very deep and dangerous crevice. The nearest person to him was Col. Nichols, who instantly plunged into the sea, before the undertow returned seaward, and by an almost superhuman effort, raised the prostrate person and gained the higher rocks with safety. Col. Nichols, the brave actor in the above incident is a native of Augusta, son of the late Hon. Asaph R. Nichols.

☞Hon. D. H. Thing of Mt. Vernon, has been engaged to deliver the address at the approaching Fair of the Lincoln County Agricultural Society, to be held at Jefferson, Sept. 25th–27th.

CITY NEWS AND GOSSIP. The rain Saturday night and Sunday, gave the dried earth a thorough wetting down, and did much good.——Our venerable townsman, Allen Lambard, Esq., is still confined to his house by sickness.——The public schools will be re-opened on Monday next, and it is hoped that teachers and pupils will return to their duties much benefitted by their long vacation.——Mr. Walter Morse has a handsome cabbage patch on the grounds of the Augusta Driving Park. He set out 6000 plants of different varieties, and notwithstanding the drouth and the cabbage worm, will market between four and five thousand good heads, and make something handsome out of his summer's work.——The old carriage and blacksmith shops at the foot of Rines' Hill have been set back twenty feet from the street, and placed upon new foundations. A great improvement to the property and the street. ——Mr. J. W. Clapp's store which was so badly scorched by the explosion of the works on the 4th of July, has been entirely renovated, and will be re-opened next week, with a fresh and attractive stock of goods. ——The block of stores being erected upon the site of the fire of December last, are rapidly approaching completion. The front walls are finished and the structure presents a very handsome architectural appearance.——The vacation season is drawing to its close, and the hegira of health and pleasure seekers from the seashore and camp-meeting grounds, has commenced in good earnest. Perhaps not the least of the benefits of these vacations, is to make people better contented with the comforts and enjoyments of their own homes.——Hon. John L. Cutler, a former honored resident of Augusta, now of Georgia, is spending a few weeks at the Augusta House.——It is expected that services will be held in the Winthrop Street Universalist Church next Sabbath. Preaching by the pastor, Rev. W. H. Dearborn.——The office of the City Treasurer and Collector, will be closed August 30th to Sept 8th.——On account of the lack of logs, it is stated that within the next two months the Kennebec Land and Lumber Company will be obliged to suspend operations for the season, and discharge some two hundred hands now employed at their mills on the Kennebec and Wiscasset.——Mr. James M. Tracy, assisted by other professional talent will hold a grand musical convention at Meonian Hall, commencing Monday evening, Sept. 10th, and continuing four days.——The Governor and Council adjourned on Thursday of last week to Oct. 2d——Rev. H. W. Tilden, pastor of the First Baptist Church has returned from his vacation.——The County Commissioners, at their session last week found the bills of the County less than usual, and the finances of the county in a healthy condition.——The Dirigo Business College, one of the most popular institutions in the country for commercial instruction reopens this week.

☞At a special meeting of the City Council held on Tuesday afternoon, a petition for calling a meeting of our citizens on the proposition to loan the credit of the city to the amount of $150,000 to aid in building a narrow gauge railroad from Augusta to West Waterville, and signed by 681 persons, was presented by Hon. J. W. North. The following order passed both branches without debate:

ORDERED, That the Mayor and Aldermen be and are hereby directed to cause the inhabitants of several wards in the city of Augusta, qualified according to law, to be notified and warned in the same manner that meetings for the election of city officers are called, to assemble at their respective ward rooms on Wednesday the fifth day of September next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, then and there to give in their votes on the following proposition, to wit:

Shall the city of Augusta, by the Mayor thereof, subscribe to and take the stock of the Messalonskee and Kennebec Railroad Company to an amount not exceeding fifteen hundred shares of the par value of one hundred dollars per share, and raise a sufficient sum of money to meet the payments therefore by loan to be effected by an issue of the bonds of said city, with such interest, not exceeding six per cent. and for such period of time, not exceeding thirty years, as may be determined by the city council of said city, for the purpose of constructing a narrow gauge railway from Augusta to West Waterville; provided, that the shares of the capital stock of said company shall not exceed two thousand in number, and that no part of said subscription be payable until all of the capital stock of said company shall have been subscribed for, and the directors of the Somerset Railroad Company shall have furnished a guarantee, satisfactorily to the directors of said Messalonskee and Kennebec Railroad Company, that the gauge of said former road shall be changed to conform to the gauge of said latter road, when the same is completed; and provided further, that no assessment shall be made on the shares of said stock beyond what the directors of said company may require to construct and equip said road from Augusta to West Waterville, and in no case beyond the par value of said shares.

It is proper to state that no public announcement was made of the objects of the meeting of the City Council, and so far as we know and believe, our citizens generally, were entirely ignorant that any action upon the above question was contemplated We have now only time and space to say of the proposition which has been so suddenly sprung upon the people of Augusta, allowing them no opportunity for deliberation, inquiry or remonstrance, that its adoption will swell the debt of the city from $300,000 to $450,000, and increase the annual tax of every property holder ten per cent. on the present valuation, with no probability, in our judgment, that it will add one dollar to the taxable property of the city, or favorably affect in any appreciable degree its business prosperity. If under these circumstances, the tax payers and voters wish to shoulder such an additional burden of debt and taxation, they will vote in favor of this project on Wednesday next. Those opposed will say No!

☞The Maine State Temperance Camp-meeting, which has been in session for the past week on the Kennebec Valley Camp Grounds, was brought to a close on Sunday evening last. Temperance sermons were preached forenoon and afternoon by Rev. W. S. Jones of Brunswick. On account of the unfavorable weather there was not a large attendance on the last day, but generally the meetings have been well attended, and it is believed that the work done by the earnest men and women engaged in the promotion of this good cause, will bear fruit. Among the principal speakers present during the week, were Ex-Gov. Perham, Neal Dow, J. K. Osgood, Mrs. Harriet Jones, Mrs. Fitzgerald, Rev. W. S. Jones, and a large number of reformed men, gave their testimony to the saving efficacy of the work which had been done for them and for others.

☞There was a total eclipse of the moon on Thursday evening, visible throughout the United States. In this city it was seen very plainly, although the attraction upon the muster field diverted general attention from it. The eclipse began at 4.40 P. M. and the total began at 4.41, and ended at 7.20. Meantime of eclipse 6.28. Duration, 5 h. 51 m.

☞We have crossed from our list all the names of subscribers owing from the year 1873, who have failed to respond to our recent call for payment. These accounts are now in the hands of an attorney, and unless paid within thirty days can only be settled by additional costs.

☞We learn that the entire herd of Ayrshire, Jersey and grade cows and heifers, belonging to Seward Dill, Esq., of Phillips, consisting of ten fine animals, with their calves, will be for sale at the State and New England Fair next week. Also his one year old Ayrshire bull Tam O'Shanter.

☞Probably there never was a time when the money question was more thoroughly discussed in all its phases, than at the present. Everybody has something to say about it; almost every one thinks he knows all about it, and yet scarcely any two persons entertain the same views on the subject. Some are in favor of contraction and others of expansion; some want the national banking system abolished and have the treasury issue all the currency to be used; some desire it in limited amounts, and others in almost unlimited quantities; some want silver remonetized and others wish it to remain an article of merchandise, as now. Some good men contend that an increase of the currency would put an end to the hard times, and prove a panacea for all the evils from which we are now suffering, while others, who are just as good men, take the ground that we have all the money that is needed for the demands of business, and that the general stagnation of business and hard times is due to other causes than the scarcity of money.

We do not propose to discuss the currency or banking question, but leave that to the politicians, who have taken charge of the subject, but concerning the silver and gold question, it seems to us that there is but one rational course to be pursued. We do not say that there may not be two standards of money, one of gold and another of silver, or even more, each of which may bear a certain defined relation to the others, provided the world will agree to it. At present, one cannot ignore the fact that gold is the only cosmopolitan standard of value, so to speak, because the world has made it so. Its compactness, its durability, its uses in the arts, all commend it as the one standard of value, but after all, the fact that all civilized nations have adopted it as money, is the chief cause of its equilibrium of value. The stability of gold depends on the extent of use and the demand of the world. Silver does not hold the rank as the world's money, which it did a few years ago. Within five years, Germany, Denmark, Sweden and Norway have demonetized it, and its coinage has been largely restricted in France and several other countries. These doings have reduced the demand for silver and subjected it to variations of from six to twelve per cent in the markets of the world. These constant fluctuations place those nations which accept silver as a standard, at great disadvantage in their commercial relations, and subject their productions to such risks and losses as greatly to injure them. If silver therefore is put up as a joint standard of value with gold in this country, it can have no other effect than to place our commerce on a different plan from that of the rest of the world, and leave us to trade on poorer money.

An ally of the silver monetizers has appeared in the person of Edward Suess, Professor of Geology in the University of Vienna. He takes the somewhat novel ground that the total gold production of the earth will not be sufficient in the ages to come to supply the demands of civilization. He calculates that more than half the gold that can be extracted from the earth by methods now known, has been produced already. As gold becomes more rare, says the Professor, it will be unable to maintain the functions now assigned to it, and must be replaced by another metal. With silver the case is different. So great and so rich are its deposits, that its production will be abundant in the distant future.

Of course it is not for the unlearned in such matters to join issue with the Professor in his conclusions, nor is it necessary. "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof," and since the Professor postpones the lack of gold to ages more or less distant, it hardly seems necessary for this generation to trouble itself about it. When the time comes posterity will be equal to the emergency, and in the language of Sir Boyle Roach, what has posterity done for us, that we should legislate on questions which concern only distant ages?

As a matter of convenience, we have no objection to having silver a legal tender for a limited amount, but its bulkiness stands in the way of its use except, in those countries like China and Japan, where prices rule very low.

We have not space to go farther into details, but it really seems to us that it is better to have but one standard of value, and that the one that is recognized by those countries with which we have most of our commercial relations; and that standard is gold. Any great variations from this must lead to compression and result unfavorably for us.

THE STATE MUSTER. The troops broke camp on the State grounds in this city at 1 o'clock P. M. on Saturday last, and marched from the field through the principal streets to the depot of the Maine Central Railroad, where they took the cars for their homes. The companies made a splendid appearance, and were repeatedly cheered on their march. Every thing connected with the muster passed off satisfactorily. The weather throughout was pleasant, the order of the camp and the deportment of the men excellent, and the officers discharged their duties in an efficient, soldierly manner. We cannot doubt the week's drill and discipline will be a valuable experience to all concerned. Whatever we may think of the utility or necessity of a State militia, in these "weak, piping times of peace," and we confess to some skepticism on the subject, it is undeniably true that the people enjoy these occasions, as was abundantly demonstrated by the immense crowds of interested and delighted spectators which gathered every day about the beautiful encampment grounds to witness the evolutions of the troops and listen to the splendid music of Chandler's Band. It is estimated that the daily average attendance was not less than five thousand persons, who came on foot and in carriages, from all the country round, and many from remote portions of the State, of every rank and condition in life, making a gala week of it, such as has not been seen in Augusta for many a day. It is especially gratifying that of the thousands who thronged our streets day and evening, every body was orderly and well behaved, no disturbance of the peace, no intoxication, nothing to require the interference of the police; presenting a notable contrast with the disorderly scenes which in former years were an inseparable accompaniment of a militia training. The only exception to this was the fact that on the first day or two of the encampment we understand that several of the soldiers, who probably brought liquor with them, appeared on the streets intoxicated, but the prompt and summary action of Gen. Chamberlain, in dishonorably dismissing the men from the service, served as a wholesome warning, and effectually prevented any further necessity for similar discipline.

☞Edward Knight of Falmouth, who was taken insane and brought to the Insane Hospital a few weeks since, made his escape from the institution on Tuesday last. It was supposed he had gone to the muster, but as he did not return it was thought he had returned to his home in Falmouth. On Thursday, as the steamer Henry Morrison was making her regular trip up the river, the hands on board discovered floating in the river, opposite "Britt's gully," the body of a man, which proved to be that of Mr. Knight. It is supposed that he threw himself from the Hospital wharf and was drowned on the day he made his escape.

☞It comes from every quarter, and it is really so, about the low prices of groceries at Dow and Storer's. Our word for it, all that give them a call will be sure to invest, for their prices are way down, down to the bottom, where it is hard digging to get below them. Call and see.

Notes from the Country.

PARIS HILL, Aug. 24, 1877.

Among the many pleasant villages scattered through the county of Oxford, there is none, in our opinion, all things considered, so attractive as this Paris Hill. It is situated several hundred feet above the surrounding country and is the highest village in Maine. The mountain scenery, especially to the north and west, is very fine. In the distance, Mount Washington, with several others of the same group, can be seen, while farther towards the south are Mount Kearsarge rising in solitary grandeur, and Pleasant Mountain with its wooded sides and summit situated in the town of Denmark. North of the White Mountain group there is an almost unbroken range, rising peak above peak, extending a long distance toward the head waters of the Kennebec and Penobscot rivers.

Paris Hill is a delightful place in which to pass the summer months, and persons from the large cities who try the effect of its bracing air are quite sure to come again. During the past week, while the people in other localities were sweltering in the dog days' weather with the mercury up in the nineties, it was delightfully cool and comfortable here. The air is so pure and the drainage so perfect here that cases of typhoid fever and other kindred diseases rarely occur.

Paris was one of the Canada townships, and was granted in 1771 to Joshua Fuller and associates for services rendered by their ancestors in the unfortunate invasion of Canada by the army under Sir William Phipps in 1690. Eight years afterward the first settlement was made by a colony from Middleborough, Mass. Among the number who first came were Lemuel Jackson and his son Lemuel Jr., Dea. John Willis and a Mr. Daniels, and the grand children and great grand children of each of these families continue to reside here. The early settlers of all our inland towns made their first clearings on the highest arable lands, because upland in those days was considered more valuable for farming purposes, and because there was still a lingering fear of the Indians, and a better defence could be made on the hills than in the valleys, for obvious reasons. The first settlement in Paris was made on this hill and the first corn raised in town grew on the land now occupied by the county buildings. Two years after the settlement was begun, the Indian raid into Sudbury Canada (Bethel) occurred, and it was here that several of the frightened inhabitants of that colony and the one at New Pennacook (Rumford) found refuge. The colony here grew quite rapidly and fourteen years after the first settlers came the town was incorporated by its present name. Among the early settlers, the Jacksons, Willises, Barrowses, Danielses, Hathaways and Forbeses came from Middleborough, the Coles and several others from Bridgewater, the Rawsons and Bolsters from Sutton, the Perhams from Upton, the Swans from Woburn, the Bryants from Plympton, the Stearnses, Biscos and Bemises from Watertown, the Stowells from Worcester, and in fact most of them came from the old and overpopulated towns of Massachusetts.

The first settlers of Paris were Baptists, and that denomination has always held its position as the leading one in town. The first settled minister was Rev. Jas. Hooper, who came here from Brunswick, his native town. He was not only the pastor of the church but a leader in all the affairs of the town. He was an ardent democrat, and he and Squire Prentice, who was a whig, frequently discussed politics in the columns of the local paper. Elder Hooper was a member of the convention which framed the Constitution of Maine. He was a man of ability, though somewhat eccentric and very decided in his views. The present pastor of the Baptist church is Rev. Dr. Estes, a native of this county, who is a ripe scholar, a profound thinker and an excellent religious teacher.

The moral and intellectual condition of a town for many generations, depends largely on the character of the first settlers, and this generally recognized fact is true with regard to Paris. The first settlers came of good old Puritan stock, and many of them were well educated and men of good repute in the communities from which they removed. They left their homes because the old hive was full and it was necessary that colonies should be planted elsewhere. A few years ago much of the wealth of the town had centered here on Paris Hill, and was in the hands of less than a dozen men. It became the Wall Street of the whole eastern part of the county. But all the old money lenders have been gathered to their fathers and their large accumulations have been divided up and carried elsewhere. The names of Crocker, Cummings, Kittredge, Cushman, Rawson and Dudley, all now dead, were among the wealthiest citizens in town.

Few towns in the State have furnished more men for high office than Paris, though not all of them were born here. Hannibal Hamlin, Governor, Senator and Vice President, commenced his public life here. His father, Dr. Cyrus Hamlin, was one of the first county officers at the incorporation of Oxford county in 1805, when Paris was made the shire town. Governors Lincoln and Paris both practiced law in Paris, and Governor Perham now resides here. Not less than twelve members of Congress have either been born here or have had their residences here. Hon. Horatio King, once Postmaster General, was a native of this town and formerly published a paper here in connection with Senator Hamlin.

There is much good farming land on the slopes of Paris Hill and it is generally well cultivated. The trade is mostly local, and except when the court is in session the place is quiet. A new enterprise has sprung up here of late which has been quite successful. It is the manufacture of children's carriages and sleds, boys' carts and drag rakes for farmers. The business is carried on by a corporation called the Paris Hill Manufacturing Company, and their goods have an excellent reputation in various parts of the country. At the Philadelphia Exposition they made a fine display which attracted much attention. A paper was started here by Asa Barton about the year 1824, and under various names it has been published here most of the time since. The Oxford *Democrat* is the present publication, and is so well known that it would be superfluous for us to do more than refer to it by name in this connection.

☞Ata hearing in Portland on Thursday last, before Judge Libbey of the Supreme Court, the first mortgage bond holders of the Portland and Ogdensburg Railroad, asked for the appointment of a receiver *pendente lite*. They proved non payment of bonds. Defendants admitted default, but claimed that the road is judiciously managed and the earnings are constantly increasing, and that the interests of all concerned will be best subserved by continuing it under its present management. The case was argued and decision reserved.

THE TURF. The second day's race at the Lewiston Driving Park, came off on Wednesday last. The three minute race of Tuesday was completed and the purse won by Lady Young in 2.37. Wednesday's races were for 2.34 and 2.50 horses. First purse won by Walter in 2.35. Second class not finished.

The races closed on Thursday. First purse for 2.50 horses was won by Lady Humphrey. Best time, 2.34. Matilda second. Belle Knox third. Second purse, free to all, was won by Joe Ripley, entered by C. E. Mosher, Lawrence, Mass., in three straight heats. Best time, 2.26. Second and third money was divided between Ayer and Tuerchy Maid.

THE NEW ENGLAND FAIR. Matters pertaining to the coming Fair at Portland, are progressing very favorably, and all the indications are that it will exceed in every department any exhibition ever before given in the State. The entries of live stock closed on Saturday night last, and the *Press* of Tuesday, publishes a complete list of those and other entries up to Monday. They number as follows, with the exception of trotting horses: Cattle, sheep, swine 465; horses, 113; poultry, 79; implements garden and driving products, 203. There are 200 entries for the hall, but these are but a few in advance of the grand total to be yet reported. Nine purses are offered for trotting horses amounting to $2600.

On Friday forenoon, the City Hall will be ready to receive the exhibits as early as possible. Officers will be present to receive exhibitors and entries, and to allot to each one his particular space. On Friday, the same arrangement will be made at the Park for all exhibitors of stock, agricultural implements, poultry, horses and dairy, and farm products. By attention to this announcement, much haste and confusion will be saved.

The Portland *Advertser* gives the following summary of the entries in the live stock department:

Among the horse entries we notice all the favorite stock. The *Spirit of the Times* has stated that J. W. Cook, of Foxcroft, Mass., will exhibit a Smuggler colt, only two years old, that has already secured ten premiums, and that he will also display a large number of Fearnaught colts. The secretary would be very glad to see them, but as yet Mr. Cook has made no entries.

Among the entries of horses are ten by General Tilton, including stallions Essex by Smuggler, Enigma by Sultan, Benseboo by Seeboomook, and Constellation by Almont; also gelding Alpha by Maine Slasher. Among the Portland exhibitions George L. Warren entered the stallion Messenger Knox Jr., by Messenger Knox; the city of Portland a pair of draft and a pair of matched horses; E. N. Greely, the stallion Lu Dahlgren by Whalebone Knox; John A. Thompson, stallion Victor Hollis; Jos. Morris; E. Dana Jr., Dana Fearnaught by Old Fearnaught which attracted so much attention at the last State fair; L. D. M. Sweat, the gelding Peter by General Knox, for which he was lately offered a handsome sum; W. H. Irish shows the stallion Phil Sheridan; Geo. H. Bailey a mare with colt by Rysdyk's Hambletonian, a yearling mare colt by Smuggler; J. J. Skillings, two geldings, named Tize and Granite, by Tom Patchen, and a mare Stella, by the same; George Ross the gelding, Young Rose by Waldo Chief. J. A. Cilley, Fairfield, enters gelding Maine Eclipse by Royal Knox. F. C. Dimock of West Minot, makes several entries. David Tenney of Byfield, Mass., enters a pair of matched stallions. The entries are mostly from Maine, and from all parts of the State.

In the cattle department, the Jersey stock, which formerly exhibited the fewest entries, now comes out ahead of Jerseys, numbering 72 animals, 7 bulls, a calf and cow, in all 81. Among them are the celebrated herds of N. R. Boutelle of Waterville, Col. Charles B. Merrill of Gorham, F. R. Appleton of Ipswich, Mass., Geo. W. Quimby of Augusta, J. and N. Dane, Jr., of Kennebunk, W. S. Tilton of Togus, Charles F. Libby of Portland, Alonzo Libby of Saccarappa, and George Blanchard & Brothers of Cumberland Centre.

Among the Short Horns, which number 29 animals, are the fine herd of W. W. Waugh & Son, of Starks, and L. C. Fisher of Cabot, Vermont.

There is a very fine herd of 16 Ayrshires, entered by Alonzo Libby, Saccarappa; Seward Dill, of Phillips, has a herd of 5; Chas. Hayes & Son of Portsmouth, N. H., have one of 9; and there are other small herds.

J. S. Hawes of South Vassalboro enters a herd of 15 Herefords, G. & F. Underwood of Fayette one of 16, Hall C. Burleigh of Fairfield one of 14.

In Holsteins and grades there are several fine herds. W. S. Tilton of Togus, has one of each. W. W. Pease of North Anson, has a herd of 7 grades.

In swine and sheep there will be great competition, several of our well known Portland fancy farmers competing with the most celebrated New England breeders. Col. Mattocks and C. F. Libby Esq., will be in the field, and so will General Tilton of Togus.

Among the 79 poultry entries, appear all large exhibits of C. E. L. Haywood, Peterboro, N. H., and David Plummer, Cape Elizabeth. Among Mr. Heywood's collection are all varieties of pigeons, valuable Angora cats, geese, ducks, swans, turkeys, all other varieties of poultry, and game fowl. Many of these birds have been lately imported from Europe, and the value of the collection exhibited is placed at $7,000.

The *Advertiser* says, out of the 203 entries of agricultural implements, 141 are from the Plow Company, J. J. Frye & Co., of Portland, will make a large exhibit.

We learn that Fred Atwood is making extensive preparations for the exhibition of his agricultural implements. His display will be large and well worth attention.

The *Press* says the picture gallery will possess great attractions, as none of the pictures engaged have been exhibited in Portland. The collection will number some 75 pictures by well known artists, and valued at from twenty to thirty thousand dollars. Among the artists represented will be Jennes, Gifford, Sonntag, Von Severdonk, W. H. Beard, Geo. L. Brown, J. B. Key, J. F. Cole, W. E. Norton, Phelps of Munich, Thit, W. H. Hunt and the Dusseldorf school.

☞The State of Maine has been paying five dollars for every dead bear that could be shown within the limits of the Commonwealth, and that generous bounty in connection with the meat obtained has made bear-killing a very profitable business. In fact, bear-killing has been so profitable that bear-raising has naturally followed, and though Maine paid for these animals $2725 last year, the supply is probably all the time on the increase. The Maine law affects bears just about as it does liquor-drinking and is another proof that Maine legislation is sometimes not worthy of imitation.—*Boston Post.*

The State of Maine does not pay bounty on bears any more, the law having been repealed, and the comparison which the Post attempts to make between the law and the Maine Liquor Law, is very far fetched. It was expected that the bounty law would increase the number of bears killed, and it had just the desired effect and was repealed only becauese the State found it was paying bounties on animals killed outside the State. But when the Post intimates that the Maine law affects liquor drinnkg in the same way, it betrays an unpardonable ignorance of Maine affairs, for one who attempt to discuss them. The effect of the Maine Law is exactly opposite to that indicated by the Post, and whatever party may rule the State, it is no more likely to be repealed or essentially modified than the statutes against arson and theft.

☞Among the incidents of the muster, was a shooting affray on Friday evening, the particulars of which are given as follows: Arthur Smith, belonging near Pettengill's Corner in this city, kept a small refreshment stand on the west side of State street, opposite the muster ground. A member of the Belfast company, named Wm. J. Crockett, who, with six or eight rough companions, had several times before made a raid, and stole articles from his booth, came up on Friday evening, and while in the act of carrying off a box of corn cakes, was shot by Smith with a revolver. The ball took effect in Crockett's left thigh, making a slight flesh wound, which will heal without any permanent injury. Smith was arrested, and has given bail in $1000 to appear at the October term of the Supreme Court.

☞On Saturday last, gold turned another point in its downward course and touched 103 1-2, which is the lowest quotation since June, 1862, five months after the suspension of specie payments. The present decline, which has been noted for several days past as a result of the natural course of the exchanges, is hastened by the reports of the shipments of specie from Europe. It is stated that the principal part of the £390,000 withdrawn from the Bank of England this week is destined for New York, and other sums are likely to follow.

REUNION OF THE NINETEENTH MAINE. Some seventy of the surviving members of the Nineteenth Maine regiment, met in annual reunion in this city on Thursday, 23d ult. Most of the day was spent in social intercourse. It was a season of peculiar enjoyment to all present—the comrades renewing old acquaintances and living over again in memory the stirring scenes of the war and of camp life in which they were actors. At 4 o'clock P. M., the Association was called to order by the Vice President, Maj. O. R. Small, the President, Gov. Connor, being absent. Upon invitation of Maj. Gen. Chamberlain, the members of the regiment visited Camp Jameson, where they were cordially received and honored with a position on the field with the General and staff to witness the interesting ceremonies of the grand review.

In the evening Gov. Connor, a former Colonel of the regiment, was present and presided. The time was pleasantly spent in listening to piquant and interesting speeches by Cols. Fogler and Spaulding, Capt. Parsons, Silas Adams and others, until the hour for the banquet arrived, when the comrades with invited guests, repaired in a body to the Cony House, where an elegant supper was served. On the fly-leaf of the bill of fare was printed the names of the battles which are inscribed upon the regimental banners, above them an illustration of the stars and stripes. The following are the names of the more important battles, but do not represent all the engagements in which the regiment participated:

Fredericksburg, Chancellorville, Gettysburg, Bristow's Station, Mine Run, The Wilderness, Spotsylvania, River Po, North Anna, Tolopomy, Coal Harbor, Petersburg, Deep Bottom, Strawberry Plains, Reams' Station, Boydtown Road.

At the close of the repast the Augusta Glee Club sang some of their choicest songs, and appropriate speeches in response to toasts were made by Gov. Connor, Col. Spaulding, Capt. J. D. Smith, Maj. P. M. Fogler, Maj. J. D. Myrick, Dr. Welsh, Col. J. W. Welch and others. Maj. Charles E. Nash also responded with a poem suited to the occasion, a copy of which was unanimously requested for publication. At the close of the banquet, the committee appointed for that purpose reported the following list of officers for the ensuing year:

President—W. H. Fogler, Belfast.

Vice Presidents—Capt. G. L. Whittemore, Bowdoinham; Sergt. A. J. Gardiner, Litchfield; Lieut. Frank Adams, Bowdoinham.

Secretary—L. Chamberlain, Dover, N. H.

Chaplain—George R. Palmer.

Surgeon—W. Bolan, Augusta.

Historian—Capt. Chas. E. Nash, Augusta.

Orator—P. P. Getchell, Augusta.

Executive Committee—J. W. Spaulding, F. E. Heath, Geo. E. Whitemore, Wm. A. Wood, J. W. Winter, C. E. Nash, Geo. Cotton, J. L. Brown.

Closing remarks were made by Gov. Connor, and the exercises closed at midnight with singing "Auld Lang Syne."

POLITICAL NOMINATIONS. The annual republican county conventions held in the State last week, made the following nominations of State Senators and County officers:

Lincoln—Senator, D. W. Chapman, of Damariscotta; Commissioner, W. B. Creamer of Waldoboro'; Register of Deeds, J. A. Reed of Boothbay; Treasurer, J. W. Taggart of Wiscasset.

Piscataquis—Senator, Jason Hassell of Sebec; Clerk of Courts, Henry B. Flint of Dover; Register of Deeds, Marcell W. Hall of Dover; County Treasurer, C. B. Kittredge of Dover; County Commissioner, Henry F. Daggett of Milo.

Franklin—Senator, James Morrison, Jr., of Phillips; Commissioner, George Gower of Farmington; Register of Deeds, Jotham S. Gould of Farmington; Treasurer, David H. Knowlton of Farmington.

Sagadahoc—Senator, William Rogers of Bath; Commissioner, Fred J. Parks of Phipsburg; Register of Deeds, Wm. E. Hogan of Bath; Treasurer, Wm. B. Taylor of Bath.

Hancock—Senators, Wm. Grindle of Penobscot, William W. Bragdon of Franklin; Clerk of Courts, Hudson B. Saunders of Ellsworth; Sheriff, Augustus R. Devereaux of Ellsworth; Register of Deeds, Wm. B. Campbell of Ellsworth; Treasurer, Luther Lord of Surry; Commissioner, William L. Guptill of Gouldboro'.

The democratic nominations are as follows:

Sagadahoc—Senator, Parker M. Whitmore of Bath; Commissioner, Thos. Whitmore of Phipsburg; Register of Deeds, Albert G. Eaton of Bath; Treasurer, Wm. H. Stuart, Richmond.

Washington—Senators, Sam'l D. Leavitt of Eastport, and Henry H. Borolles of Cherryfield; Clerk of Courts, Edgar Whidden of Calais; Register of Deeds, Prescott Lawrence of Machias; Treasurer, Rufus T. Crane of Machias; Commissioner, Claudine M. Hoff of Alexander.

Aroostook—Senator, Edmund Madigan of Houlton; Sheriff, Nelson Herrin of Houlton; Register of Deeds, Southern District, A. S. Dow of New Limerick; Northern District, James Keegan of Madawaska; Treasurer, H. H. Cochrane of New Limerick.

Piscataquis—Senator, A. J. Chase of Sebec; Clerk of Courts, D. R. Straw of Guilford; County Treasurer, J. F. Hughes of Foxcroft; Register of Deeds, A. T. Wade of Sangerville; County Commissioner, I. Hanscom of Milo.

Lincoln—Senator, U. W. Underwood of Damariscotta; Clerk of Courts, Charles Weeks of Newcastle; Commissioner, Jos. Nickerson of Boothbay; Register of Deeds, A. W. Hall of Wiscasset; Treasurer, W. P. Lenox of Wiscasset.

A CLERICAL SCANDAL. Rev. J. H. Palmer, for several months pastor of the Universalist church in Rockland, has been obliged to resign his pastorate and leave town and the ministry on account of disgraceful conduct on the Point. He was a man of more than ordinary ability, and had a wife and daughter about twelve years old. He tells his story that he was brought up among the lowest of the low, in Detroit, and could not read or write at the age of 17 years, up to which time he had led a roving and abandoned sailor's life. He reformed, got an education, was married, entered the ministry and lived a spotless life till recently he has been haunted by the society of the City Point of Rockland, to follow his old life, and this he has been doing at the same time that he has been preaching. He says that he has not been guilty of any criminality, but only went there for the society of the low. He says that his usefulness is over as a minister, and he will seek some other vocation. He wanted the name of the town from whence he came suppressed, so that he could return to it and commence a new life.

A STRANGE FREAK. On Monday, Aug. 20th, about noon Nellie Parkman, daughter of Robert Knowles, station agent at Corinna, went to her father's stable and taking therefrom a horse and wagon, left standing there a few minutes by William B. Favor, rode off. She went first to Carmel, where two young fellows named Jack Murray and Charles Brown, got into the wagon with her, and they rode back directly through Corinna, passed the father's house, and through several towns to the west. Then turning again came back through Carmel and on through Bangor and up river. Brown left them after the first day or so, but Murray continued with the girl. She was found Thursday night at Milford. She is thought to be insane.

☞The Lewiston *Journal* says Hugh Getchell on Monday, 20th, opened another gold bearing quartz vein in Wales, and the result was a show of ore far superior to anything that has been discovered yet. He made only one blast and threw out a piece of rich ore. Old miners from different parts of the state are visiting the hill and pronouncing the show good, and have taken away specimens that they declare is far better specimens than they have seen brought from California.

☞Letters are published from Gov. Connor and Hon. Joseph H. Williams, each accepting the nomination of Governor from the Conventions of their respective parties. The election comes off on Monday 10th inst.

Items of Maine News.

Thursday potatoes were selling in Bangor from thirty to forty cents per bushel.

The Commercial reports several cases of cerebro spinal meningitis in Garland.

Charles D. Merrill of Paris, died suddenly last week. He was found in the barn unconscious, and did not revive.

A young son of Moses Townsend of Solon, was run over and instantly killed, by a loaded team Thursday afternoon.

The farmers in the vicinity of B

The Markets.

Brighton Cattle Market.

WEDNESDAY, August 29.

Arrivals of stock at market—Cattle 3163; Sheep and Lambs 1640; Swine 7936; Western Cattle 2512; Eastern Cattle 326; Milch Cows and Northern Cattle 225.

Price of Beef Cattle per 100 lbs, live weight—Extra quality @ 7 5@7 50; first quality @ 6 25@6 62½; second quality @5 75@6 12½; third quality @4 75@5 62½; poorest grade of coarse Oxen, Bulls, &c., @ 3 50@4 75.

Brighton Hides 7½@8c per lb; Brighton Tallow 6c ₩ lb. Country Hides 7@7½c per lb; Country Tallow 5@6c per lb. Calf Skins 11@12c per lb; sheared Sheep Skins 60 a 75c; Lamb skins 60 a 75c each.

There were more Cattle in market for the week than there were the preceding one, but the quality was not quite so good and the trade did not open very actively on Tuesday. Prices upon all grades have declined fully ½c per lb from those of our last quotations. There were but few lots of Beeves sold as high a 7c per lb this week. The trade for Working Oxen and Store Cattle has been dull, the supply for several weeks past having been more than the demand required.

Working Oxen—The supply of Working Oxen brought into market for several weeks past has been larger than the demand requires, and the trade for them has been dull. We have not noticed any sales.

Store Cattle—Not much call for Stores, most of the small Cattle that are in a fair condition being bought up to slaughter. We quote yearlings $11 a $16; 2 year olds $18a $27; three year olds $25a $45 per head.

Milch Cows—Extra at $55a $95; ordinary $28a $50. Most of the Cows offered in market for sale are of a common grade. Good Cows usually sell quick at fair prices.

Sheep and Lambs—None offered in market for sale, those from the West and Maine being taken direct to the Abattoir to be slaughtered. Northern Sheep and Lambs sold dull at prices ranging from 4½@5c per lb.

Swine—No Store Pigs in market. Fat Hogs 8,400; prices 6½c per lb.

Boston Market.

BOSTON, August 29.

FLOUR AND GRAIN—The market is quiet for Flour prices are steady and firm and remain unchanged. Sales:—

Western Superfine at $4 00@4 50; common extras at $5 50@6 50; Milwaukie and Minnesota extras at $6 50@7 50; white wheat Ohio, Indiana and Michigan at 6 50@7 50; Illinois at 7 00@8 50; St. Louis at $6 50 @8 00 ₩ bbl. Southern Flour is firm at 7 00@8 00 ₩ bbl for medium and choice family; and fancy Minnesota at 7 00@8 50 ₩ bbl. Corn is firm at 51@ 62c ₩ bush. for mixed and yellow. Oats are firm at 35@45c ₩ bush for No. 1 white; 45@50c for mixed and No. 2 white, and 37@40c for rejected. Rye 65@70 ₩ bush. Shorts, $14 50@15 00; Fine Feed $16@24; Middlings at $18@24 ₩ ton.

PROVISIONS—Pork is firm; sales at $11 00@11 50 for prime; $14 00@14 50 for mess; $18 00@16 00 ₩ bbl for clear. Beef ranges from $13 00@14 50 mess and extra mess, and $15 00@16 00 ₩ bbl. for family. Lard 9½ @10c ₩ lb. for city and Western. Smoked Hams 12@12½ ₩ lb. Butter sells at 16@17c ₩ lb. and Cheese from 9½@10c ₩ lb. as to quality.

PRODUCE. Eggs are firmer and have been selling at 16a17c for fresh lots of Northern, Prince Edward Island and Eastern, and stale lots have been forced off at lower figures. White Beans remain about the same, but have been in moderate demand. The sales of good and choice mediums have been at $2 75 a 2 80, 2 85 a 2 95; and Yellow Eyes at $3 87½ a 3 50 per bushel. Potatoes have been arriving more freely and prices have eased off. The sales have been at 42@50c per bush, and $1 50@1 75 per bbl. Green Apples are firm at $2 50@4 50 per bbl, and there is a scarcity of choice. Dried Apples have been in speculative demand on account of the short crop of Apples, and prices range from 6a8c, and Evaporated at 12a14c per lb.

HAY AND STRAW. There is a scarcity of choice Hay, and prices are firm. Other grades are in moderate demand. The sales of new and old have been at $19@21 per ton for choice Northern and Eastern; fine and medium grade are selling at $15@18 per ton. In Rye Straw the sales have been at $15@17 per ton, and dull.

Wool Market.

BOSTON, August 29.

There is a very dull feeling for Wool, and prices continue to rule in favor of buyers, although no material change has taken place. Manufacturers are now pretty well stocked, and are disposed to hold off, while holders are not disposed to press sales at any material concession. The transactions include 65,000 lbs Ohio fleeces at 40c for common and 46@50c for medium, X and XX and above; 100,000 lbs New York, Wisconsin and Michigan fleeces at 40@43c; 100,000 lbs delaine and combing fleeces at 50@55c for washed and 35@37½ for unwashed; 100,000 lbs unwashed and unmerchantable fleeces at 29@34c; 25,000 lbs Territory wool, including Utah, Colorado and Kansas, at 29@35½; 100,000 lbs California at 24½ @26c for spring and 35@38c for fall; 18,000 lbs Texas at 17@35c; 40,000 lbs fine Oregon on private terms; 50,000 lbs super and X pulled at 32@45c; 50,000 lbs scoured at 45@75c; 11,000 lbs tub washed at 43c; and 5,000 lbs sundries at 17@37c per lb.

New York Market.

NEW YORK, Aug. 29

COTTON—Sales 466 bales—middling uplands @11½

FLOUR—Sales 154,000 bbls. State $4 10@6 00; Round Hoop Ohio, $4 80@6 00; Western $5 75@7 00; Southern $5 75@8 00.

WHEAT—Sales 268,000 bu. Spring 1 60, No 3 Mil., 1 50@0 00; No. 1, Chi., @1 33½— No. 2, @1 60@0 00; Winter Red, @1 33@1 00; Amber, @1 55@0 00; No. 1 Iowa, $0 00@0 00; White Michigan, @2 30@0 00; Winter Western, 1 42@0 00.

CORN—Sales 312,000 bushels. Western 54@54½.

OATS—Sales 67,000 bushels—Western 29@00.

SUGAR—Refining, @10½@9½; Fair and Good Refg; Granulated, @11½; Crushed 11½.

Gold and Stock Market.

NEW YORK, August 29.

Money was easy at 4—2½—per cent on call.

Gold opened at 104½ and closed at 105¾.

United States Sixes (coupons), 1881,			111½
"	5.20's, 1865,		106½
"	"	1865, (new)	106½
"	"	1867,	108½
"	"	1868,	111½
"	New 5's,		108½
"	10.40's (coupons),		112½
"	Currency 6's,		123½

Augusta City Market.

THURSDAY, August 30.

APPLES—Cooking apples scarce, at $1 00a0 00 per bbl; dried: cored 8c; sliced 10a12c.

BEANS—Pea beans @3 75; yellow eyes @2 25a2 50.

BUTTER—In fair supply with prices not much changed from last week; store butter 18a20c; choice lots 22c.

FLOUR—Continues as during the past few weeks the various grades being now sold at $7 50a10 00 per bbl.

GRAIN—Corn 68@70c; oats 50c.

HAY—Sales of new hay at 15 per ton.

HONEY—Choice box honey, 25a30c per lb.

HIDES AND SKINS—Hides 6a6½c; calf skins 12½; lamb skins 50ca$75; dressed 25a35c; shearlings 20 a25c.

LIME AND CEMENT—$1 per cask for lime, $2 for cement.

NATIVE CRANBERRIES—None in market.

MEAL—Corn 70c; rye @1 25.

PRODUCE—Potatoes 50c; eggs 16a17c; lard 14c.

PROVISIONS—Clear salt pork, @10 00 per 100 lbs; beef per side 10c per lb; ham 12a15c; fowls 12c; veal 6a7c; spring lamb 8a10c.

SHORTS—$1 00 per one hundred lbs.

SEEDS—Herdsgrass @2 50a3 50 per bush; clover 17a20c per lb; alsike 30c; red top @1 00.

WOOD—Mill wood, delivered, @$2 25 per cord. Hard wood $5@6 per cord.

WOOL—Continues somewhat unsteady, with prices tending upward. Sales made in our market at 25a 30c for unwashed 35a40c for washed.

Portland Market.

WEDNESDAY, August 29

APPLES—@1 00a5 00 per bbl. Dried 7 to 8½c per lb

BUTTER—30a25c for family; store, 15a18c per lb.

BEANS—Pea @3a3 25; yellow eyes @2 75a3 00.

CHEESE—Maine and Vermont Factory 10a12c.

FISH—Large shore @1 75a4 50; large bank @5 00a 5 25; small @3 75a3 50; pollock @1 50a2 25; haddock @1 50a2 00; herring @1 00a1 50 per bbl; scaled 27a30c per box; mackerel per bbl—bay No. 3 to No. 1, none shore Nos. 1 and 2, @7 00a13 00.

FLOUR—Superfine @5 25a5 50; spring X and XX @7 00a8 00; Michigan winter X and XX @7 00a9 50; patent spring wheat 9 25a10 50; St. Louis X and XX @7 75a8 75.

GRAIN—Corn 62a64c; bag lots 66c per bush; oats 50 a55; fine feed 25a27 per ton; shorts 24a25 per ton.

HAY—Loose @15a19 per ton; pressed @14 00a16 00; straw @12a14 per ton.

LARD—Per tierce 10a9½c per lb; per keg 10½a10½; pail 11½a12.

PLASTER—Rock per ton @2 00; ground in bbls @5; calcined in bbs $8.

PROVISIONS—Beef side 10@11; veal 6a8c, mutton 8a 10c; chickens 25a30c; turkeys 20a25c; eggs 17a18c; potatoes 80a40c; round hogs 8a7c.

PROVISIONS—Chicago extra beef 14 50a15 00; pork backs @18 50a18; clear @17 50a17; mess @15a15; hams 13a14c per lb.

Bangor Produce Market.

WEDNESDAY, Aug. 29

BEANS—Yellow eyes @2a2 25 per bush; pea @2 50 3 00.

BUTTER—18a22c per lb.

EGGS—14a15c per doz.

HAY—@12a13 per ton; pressed @12a14.

GRAIN—Oats 33a50c per bush; corn 68a73c.

POTATOES—30a40 per bush.

PROVISIONS—Pork 17a18 per bbl; round hog 6a7c per lb; fresh beef per side 5a9c mutton and lambs 7 a8cts.

HIDES AND SKINS—Lambs skins 75a80 each; hide 5a6c per lb; veal skin 12½c per lb.

WOOL—Fleece wool 30a40c per lb.

THE COAL MINERS' STRIKE. Serious disturbances in the Pennsylvania coal regions continue. In the Lackawana region there are fifty thousand men out of work on account of the strike. A large number of men in the Pittston district resolved to go to work Monday, but the majority decided against them. Many of the families of the miners are starving, and the men would be glad to go to work, but the reign of terror inaugurated by the ringleaders of the strikes, will not allow them to. The miners' national association at Cleveland announces that a general strike in the region of Western Pennsylvania, Ohio, West Virginia, and other States will be inaugurated simultaneously with the strike in anthracite coal fields.

THE INDIAN WAR. Not much progress has been made by Gen. Howard towards suppressing the Indian outbreak. Joseph and his warriors manage to keep out of his reach, while Howard keeps up what seems the wild goose chase. Meanwhile massacres of whites are going on. On the 24th the Indians appeared in the Greser basin and struck a Helena and Radersburg party, killed seven men, taking two women and one man prisoner, and on the 25th they attacked another party, killing nine of them. One escaped. The Indians released Mrs. Cowan, her sister and brother, who reached Schofield on Sunday.

☞Charles A. Minnie, a colored boy, native of Troy, N. Y., a graduate of the public schools of that city, and recently waiter in a hotel at Newport, passed a most satisfactory examination as a candidate for the cadetship at West Point, from Mr. Muller's district. His percentage was 98. Pat-McNay's 75, and M. McGrath's 74.

☞Hundreds of lives have been saved by HUNT'S REMEDY, the great Kidney Medicine. HUNT'S REMEDY cures Dropsy, and all Diseases of the Kidneys, Bladder nd Urinary Organs. HUNT'S REMEDY is purely vegetable, and used daily by Physicians in their practice. Do not delay, but try HUNT'S REMEDY.

KENNEBEC COUNTY ITEMS. Mr. Jedediah Morrill of East Vassalboro, died at the home of his son in that town, Aug. 19th, at the advanced age of 90 years, 5 months. Mr. Morrill was born in North Berwick, Me., March 9th, 1787, was married to Patience Bragg in 1810, and after living in several places, finally settled at East Vassalboro', where he raised a family of seven children and lived until the death of his wife in 1873, since which time he has lived with his eldest son, John B. Morrill. He was a soldier of 1812; after serving a short time, received an injury which compelled him to obtain a substitute, which disqualified him from receiving a pension, but entitled him to a land warrant which he received in 1871. He retained his faculties and memory remarkably, and could remember distinctly the death of Washington, when 12 years of age, and could write a good legible hand until last March, when his mind became very much impaired.——The County Commissioners adjourned their regular session on Saturday. A numerously signed petition was presented for the reopening of the Foye road, so called, from the Hallowell Granite quarries to J. L. Morrill's in Manchester. ——The Dunn Edge Tool Co., of West Waterville, have begun work both in their scythe and axe factories. A change has been made in the foremanship of the scythe shop, Mr. A. H. Johnson succeeding Mr. Gervals Nolin in that position.——The cheese factory in China closed last week, after a run of two months. But for the dry season, this year's opepations would have been highly successful, and as it is, a fair thing is looked for.——The West Waterville Band is engaged to furnish music for the North Kennebec cattle show and fair which occurs Sept. 19th, 20th and 21st.——J. H. Estes of China, was carried to the Insane Asylum on Tuesday, he having become violently deranged. His age is 44, and he is well known as an intelligent teacher.——The China Academy commences its fall term on Monday, the 27th under the charge of J. H. White, A. B., a graduate of Bowdoin College, who is recommended as a successful teacher.——During the violent thunder storm, on Sunday evening, 19th, ult., the electric fluid went into and out of the cabinet shop of A. Taylor in China, leaving no marks of its entrance or exit; but the floor was torn and splintered in a manner that left no doubt but what lightning did the mischief.——On Thursday last a grand picnic and temperance rally was held at Hammond's Grove, Manchester. Mr. J. H. Merrow acted as president of the day, and the meeting was opened with payer by Rev. David Douglass, a Friends' minister. Interesting addresses were made by Allen Baker of Gardiner, Mrs. Martha Hunt, the well known Friends' minister and temperance speaker, Mr. Buffum of Hallowell, C. C. Frost of Auburn, Bert Torsey of Winthrop and others. The day was pleasantly and profitably spent. The jewelry store of J. M. Field, West Waterville, was broken open Saturday night and goods to the value of $400 taken.——There recently gathered at the table of Mr. John Covil, in Pittston, the members of four generations in social communion, including great-grandfather, grandfather, daughter and grand-daughter with a number of other relatives spared this life to a ripe old age. The great-grandfather is 89 years old, Mr. John Covill 60, his daughter 33, and the grand-daughter 8. ——Analysis of a specimen of gold quarts from the Pittston mines shows it to contain gold and silver to the amount of $25,40, and another over $43.——They are shipping ice from the Centennial houses in Pittston. It goes to Philadelphia to the Knickerbocker Company. Cheeseman is shipping to Galveston.

☞A despatch from Council Bluffs, states that two spans of the Missouri river railroad bridge at that place, and two hundred and fifty feet in length, were blown down and almost wholly destroyed, during a violent wind and rain storm on Saturday morning last. The storm was from the north and struck the easterly end of the immense structure with such force as to wreck five hundred feet from the connections and topple it into the river, twisting the stringers and columns into an endless variety of shapes. About one-half of the debris is under water and the remainder lies on the side and at the foot of a high embarkment on the eastern approach. It is impossible to give a correct estimate of the loss. The dismantled piers so far as can be ascertained are uninjured, as also the remainder of the bridge, nine spans in length. In consequence of this disaster, communication with the west is wholly interrupted at this point, but arrangements will doubtless be perfected shortly for erecting for the present temporary spans until permanent ones can be supplied, or for the transfer of freight and passengers by ferry. The loss is about $350,000. It will probably take from two to three months to rebuild it.

☞In the "porgie" factories of Maine, the fish are cooked by steam in large wooden tanks, and then placed under powerful presses, which extract the oil, and the bones and fleshy parts, called "chum," is used in the manufacture of superphosphate. The oil is placed in large tanks exposed to the sun for several days, and then drawn off into casks and is ready for the market. A small quantity of the oil is used to mix paints; but the larger part of it finds a market in Europe, where it undergoes some mysterious refining process, and is returned to us under the name of linseed oil.

☞The powerful rain of Saturday night and Sunday, caused a sudden rise in the Saco river, submerging the intervals and floating away large quantities of cut grain and other farm produce. The locks of the dam on Ballard stream were swept out and thousands of logs let loose into the river. Damage to the mill several thousand dollars. Washouts on the railroad are reported near Glen Station in Bartlett. Part of the trestle is gone at East Branch and a land-slide half a mile above Bemis.

☞Chicago advices state that the immense quantities of grain arriving from the country have put a new face on everything. The railroads are now full of business and thousands of men who were idle are now at work. All the lake vessels are in demand for the grain trade, and extra men at increased wages are at work navigating. Orders for goods from the country are coming in, and this is beginning to work up trade among the merchants. Altogether, matters are rapidly brightening, and the prospects are favorable for a good fall trade.

☞The New York Times says the Nez Perces Indians, with whom the government is now at war, are a much better class of red man than the average. According to this authority they are well endowed by nature, skillful in agriculture, peaceful, desirous of education, and with considerable capacity for progress. The responsibility of the present war is due to the white men who have wronged the Indians. We have no doubt there is much truth in the statement of the *Times*, but whether the agents are responsible to the extent indicated, we are not prepared to say. Abuses in the Indian Department are about as old as the government, and if they cannot be stopped it is high time to adopt some different method of taking care of the Nation's wards.

The Chicago Tribune has a Minneapolis special which says: Minnesota will this year have a wheat crop of 35,000,000 bushels. That is 5,000,000 more than expected before harvest, but we are warranted in the estimate, since threshers' books show a universal yield of over twenty bushels to the acre. We shall have a surplus of between 26,000,000 and 28,000,000 bushels for export.

The Children's Department—a feature of "Andrews' Bazar"—is unrivaled. The designs are always new and of surpassing excellence. Mothers, without exception, should see the "Bazar." W. R. Andrews, Cincinnati, publisher.

Foreign News.

The Eastern War.

London, Aug. 22. The following official Russian despatch has been received:

Russian General Headquarters, Gorny Studen, Aug. 21. 40 battallions under Suleiman Pasha renewed the attack this morning on the Shipka Pass and were repulsed. The fighting continues, although darkness has set it. The enemy advanced simultaneously from Loftcha towards Selvi. Rifle firing began at noon at points occupied by our advanced guard and the result is unknown.

Bucharest, Aug. 22. Eighteen thousand Turco-Egyptian troops are attempting to cut the railroad between Kustendje and Tchernadava. Troops from Silistria are making an attack on Kustendje from the other side.

The Russians are strongly fortifying Kustendje with heavy artillery. Numerous Russian reinforcements are arriving in the Dobrudscha.

London, Aug. 23. Advices from the Russian head quarters at Goray Studen, yesterday afternoon, state that the battle in Shipka pass is still proceeding. The Turks renewed the attack many times with fresh troops but each time were repulsed with heavy loss.

London, Aug. 24. The Daily News correspondent telegraphs from Russian headquarters Wednesday: It is a nervous time for the Russians. Until their strength increases sufficiently to put them comparatively at ease, any day a blow may fall and strain their resources to the utmost. The Turks are actively menacing Russian positions all around and by no means allow the Russians to build on assurance that there will be no hard fighting until the Grand Duke Nicholas gives the signal to begin.

London, Aug. 24. A correspondent at Russian headquarters, explains the mystification concerning the reported capture of Bainkoi Pass. He says on the 16th a column of Suleiman Pacha's force attempted strenuously to force the Pass, but though the column did indeed force its way into the defile it was there so roughly handled by the Russian artillery and a regiment holding the Pass, that it was compelled to retire.

London, Aug. 25. Advices from Gorny Studen on Friday, says the Turks in strong force violently attacked Shipka Pass yesterday on three sides. All their onslaughts were repulsed. At nine o'clock in the evening a rifle corps, which had arrived as reinforcements, stormed the heights of the Russian flank, and desperate fighting continued until midnight, when an eclipse of the moon stopped the fighting. The Russians maintained all their positions, notwithstanding the Turkish numerical superiority and cross fire. The Russians have now fought for four days without partaking of rest or warm nourishment.

Further considerable reinforcements are expected during the night.

In their Asiatic campaign the Russians have again met with severe reverses. A despatch dated Erzeroum, Saturday, says the Russians advanced from Kari-Kara and Wezinkay, Friday, but were compelled to retreat after a five hours' engagement, during which some of their ammunition cases were exploded by a Turkish shell. A despatch from Adrianople says that the Russians lost 4000 killed and wounded in this affair.

London, Aug. 26.—Mukhtar Pasha telegraphs from Guepikler on Saturday as follows: We have gained a great victory, having carried the heights of Kiziltepe during the night and repulsed three Russian attempts to retake them. Two hundred cannon were brought into action. The engagement became a great battle, lasting until six o'clock Saturday evening. The enemy were routed along the whole line with a loss of 4000 in killed and wounded. We captured an immense quantity of arms and munitions. Gen. Teoportchoussoff, commanding the Russian cavalry, was killed. We lost 1200 in killed and wounded, including several officers. My horse was wounded.

London, Aug. 27. The News correspondent's description of Friday's battle in Shipka Pass, shows that the central peak of the Turkish position was carried with the bayonet by the Russians. Part of the troops who accomplished this, were led by Gen. Radetzky in person. The Turks endeavored to retake it, but were repulsed. After thus clearing his flank, Radetzky pushed back the Turks from his front.

The Turks were expected to renew the attack on Sunday with fresh troops. They were reported pressing on through a narrow and difficult pass on the east side of Shipka, leading down into Triavana, but the Grand Duke Nicholas ordered a brigade to that point with more treops to follow, and reinforcements were streaming to the Shipka position. Radetzky has broken the dangerous pressure on his flanks. All the danger is not yet over, but the atmosphere looks much clearer. The Russians lost on Friday 1500 killed and wounded.

London, Aug. 27. The Russian bulletin says: Saturday our troops maintained their position in the Shipka Pass. In Saturday's fighting, which lasted until 10 P. M., we lost 30 officers and 400 men. During the night the Turks renewed the engagement with troops and the fighting was going on at noon Sunday. When the despatch containing the information left the Pass the Russians still maintained their position.

Constantinople, Aug. 27, evening. No official despatch has been received from Suleiman Pasha to-day.

The Daily News correspondent at Sistova telegraphs on Monday that the fighting is still going on in front of Shipka Pass, but Gen. Radetzky continues to maintain his ground, although his losses are serious. I hold to my conviction that Shipka Pass is safe, and that thus is defeated the great strategic scheme of the Turkish leaders to hem the Russians in Bulgaria with the ultimate intent of driving them over the Danube.

The Times Bucharest correspondent telegraphs that sand hills around Shipka are covered with Turkish bodies, and their loss is already as great as the Russians at Plevna.

London, Aug. 27. A despatch to the Daily News from Kuruk Dara, dated the 25th, says that the Turks took Kulitepe, but in attempting to take Kuruk Dara they were entirely defeated. The Russian Generals Kowaroff and Tchavaschevadz were wounded.

New York, Aug. 27. Cable specials state that the battle of Kuruk Dara on the 25th, lasted all day. For 14 hours, attack, repulse and attack continued. The Turks attempted to flank the Russian defences, but the latter under General Mellkoff, defeated them in every attempt. The losses on both sides was very heavy. The Russian General Tchavaschevadz was wounded. The Turks retreated at nightfall.

London, August 28. The Times' Theraplа despatch says the English embassy received a telegram confirming Mukhtar Pasha's account of the victory Saturday.

Adrianople, August 28. The Russians still hold Fort Nicholas, Shipka Pass, The Turks are attacking the highest Russian positions in the Pass. A large number of Turkish wounded are arriving.

France.

Paris, Aug. 24. The Deputy Mayor of Evreux has been dismissed by decree of President MacMahon. On the occasion of the President's recent visit to Evreux, the Deputy Mayor made a speech informing him that the population of Evreux and Normandy generally, were deeply attached to the republic and desired the present crisis to terminate as soon as possible.

Mexico.

New York, Aug. 23. A New Orleans special gives advices from sources friendly to Lerdo, stating that Jalisco, Tepic, Sinaloa and Sonora have pronounced in favor of Lerdo, and that many of Diaz' troops have deserted to him. At the recent election, the soldiers drove the people from the polls and declared the government candidate elected.

Anarchy and disorder reign on the frontier at Huatasco. Col. Herrera has enlisted 1000 men, and pronounced against the several state governments. Gen. Alatosue has declared at Puebla in favor of Lerdo. as have also Gen. Martinez at Sinaloa, Col. Bardo at Chiopas, Gen. Guerro at San Luis Potosi, Col. New at Marelas, and Gen. Alvarez at Tuxtla.

Special Notices.

A FAMILY MEDICINE.

The Pain Killer is a purely vegetable compound; and while it is a most efficient remedy for pain, it is a perfectly safe medicine, even in the most unskillful hands. For summer complaint, or any other form of bowel disease in children or adults, it is an almost certain cure, and has, without doubt, been more successful in curing the various kinds of Cholera than any other known remedy, or the most skillful physician. In India, Africa and China, where this dreadful disease is more or less prevalent, the Pain Killer is considered by the native, as well as European residents in those climates, a sure remedy.

THE PAIN KILLER.—We have known the high character of this medicine, and that it is used with great success and satisfaction in our very best families. It is the favorite medicine of our missionaries in heathen lands, where they use it more than al else together for the diseases that abound in those warm climates. It should be kept in every house, and be in readiness for sudden attacks of sickness.

[*Christain Press.*]

PERRY DAVIS & SON, Proprietors, Providence, R. I.

8d36

☞Hon. John Sherman, Secretary of the Treasury recently spoke at Mansfield, Ohio, in which he gave his views on several subjects, which are now occupying public attention. Regarding specie payment, Mr. Sherman says:

There are two modes of resumption, either to diminish the amount of notes to be redeemed, which is commonly called contraction of currency, or by the accumulation of coin in the Treasury to enable the Secy. to maintain resumption. The one practical defect in the law is that the Secretary is not at liberty to sell bonds of the United States for United State notes, but must sell them for coin. As coin is not in circulation among the people, he is particularly prohibited from selling bonds to the people, except by an evasion of law or through private parties. The bonds are in demand and can readily be sold at par in coin, and still easier at par, or a premium in United States notes. The process of selling for United States notes need not go far before the mere fact that they are receivable for bonds would bring them up to par in coin, and that is specie payments. The refusal of Congress to grant this authority, often asked of it, was because it would contract the currency, and this fear of contraction has thus far prevented Congress from granting the easiest, plainest and surest mode of resumption. To avoid contraction it provided that national bank notes may be issued without limit as to amount, and that when issued United States notes might be retired to the extent of four-fifths of the bank notes issued. This was the only provision for redeeming United States notes that Congress made or would make. Greenbacks have been retired under the act of January, 1875, to this time to the amount of $22,905,700, and near $29,000,000 of circulation were issued to national banks.

Since the 1st of March last the reduction of United States notes has been $3,145,264, and this reduction was preceded by new circulation issued to the banks, amounting to nearly $6,500,000. I do not say that this is the only reduction of the currency that has happened, but it is the only reduction that was made by the United States. The national banks, under a different law and from necessity of free banking, are at liberty to retire their currency as well as to increase it, and this has been done by them since the 1st of January, 1875, to the amount of $36,624,612, but this is the reduction effected by its own interest and the circulation which it can safely and prudently maintain. Beyond this the right to issue paper money, either by the government or by banks is a dangerous exercise of power, injurious to all classes, and should not continue a single day beyond the necessity that gave it birth.

But if Congress should see proper to confine the process of resumption to the present law, we have still the second mode of resuming by accumulating the coin gradually, so that when the time fixed for resumption arrives the treasury may be able to redeem such notes as are presented. In this respect the resumption act is as full and liberal as human language can frame it. We have still seventeen months before us in which to complete the task. The same progress that has been made since the first of March continued twelve months longer will certainly bring us to the specie standard. I feel confident in saying to you this day that if undisturbed, with or without a change of the law, every dollar of United States notes will before the time fixed for resumption be worth as much as an equal amount in either gold or silver.

In regard to railroads, he said that the great railroads of the country are subject to the will of four men who can raise or depress freights, and he hoped that Congress will pass laws to establish and limit the maximum rates of freights, so that the production of a farmer may not be in danger of confiscation by exorbitant rates; that it will limit and restrain the cutting and reduction of freights so as to destroy the ability of railroad companies to defeat fair prices for honest labor and prevent the companies from making paupers of men who performs the essential functions in commerce.

Mr. Sherman, as was expected from the position he occupies, spoke approvingly of the President's proposed civil service reform and other measures of the administration.

THE MOONS OF MARS. Prof. Newcomb, in a letter to the New York Tribune, says that the reason why the moons of Mars were not discovered before is, that the planet was never so favorably situated, at least since telescopes had reached their present perfection. He makes the following remarks respecting the newly discovered bodies:

"Of the two satellites now discovered the most remarkable feature is the proximity of the inner one to the planet, and the rapidity of its revolution. The shortest period hitherto known is that of the inner satellite of Saturn—twenty-two and a half hours. But the inner satellite of Mars goes round in seven hours and thirty-eight minutes. Its distance from the centre of the planet is about 6000 miles, and from the surface less than 4000. If there are any astronomers on Mars with telescopes and eyes like ours, they can readily find out whether the satellite is inhabited, the distance being less than one-sixteenth that of the moon from us.

These satellites may also be put down as by far the smallest heavenly bodies yet known. It is hardly possible to make anything like a numerical estimate of their diameters, because they are seen in the telescope only as faint points of light. But one might safely agree to a ride round one of them in a railroad car between two successive meals, or to walk round in easy stages during a very brief vacation. In fact, supposing the surface of the outer one to have the same reflecting power with that of Mars, its diameter can not be much more than ten miles, and may be less. Altogether, these objects may be regarded as among the most remarkable of the solar system.

☞The Receiver of the Popular Life Insurance Company finds this concern to be the greatest swindle of any of the disgraced life assurance companies. In his last report the President, Dr. Lambert, gave the amount of "cash on hand" at $80,475.19, but all the cash the Receiver can find is $9800. A few months since the officers of this company swore that their assets were worth $588,702.58 and gave the items. The Receiver finds that they amount to but $183,645.01 and $20,000 of this sum is of doubtful value. The company was insolvent as long ago as 1873 and has been getting into a more hopeless condition each year, In the last report the amount of death claims were put at $36,600. As far as he has gone the receiver has discovered $107,000 of such claims.

☞"Mother, I saved the house, but I shall die," said a six year old girl to Mrs. Theodore Markham, as she entered her home at High Market, N. Y. The child while attempting to light a lamp ta warm some milk for a baby set fire to her clothing. Her first thought was to run out of doors, fearing that the house would be burned and the baby be hurt, but noticing that shreds of her clothing had fallen upon the floor, she carefully extinguished the flames. Then she ran to a horse trough in the yard and plunged into the water. Returning to the house she waited patiently for her mother to return. She died an hour after the accident.—*Ex.*

☞The great feat of swimming across the English Channel has been for the second time accomplished. Mr. Frederick Cavill started at 3.40 P. M., Monday, Aug. 20th, from Cape Grisnez, and arrived within fifty yards of the English coast, near Dover, at 3.45 Tuesday morning. The breakers being too rough it was considered unsafe for him to land, so he was taken into a boat. As a test of endurance it is phenomenal. The distance is about twenty-eight miles. Capt. Webb and Mr. Cavill, stand before the world as men of enormous vital power and exceptional pluck.

☞A committee of the Grand Army of the Republic have gone to Washington from Philadelphia to present a plan to Secretary Sherman for the organization of a cordon of frontier posts to be garrisoned by veterans of the rebellion, who will be ready for active service whenever the government shall call upon them. The plan excludes donations by the government of land, houses, supplies etc., for the use of these frontiersmen.

☞Just now in Europe there is much discussion among students of military matters as to the expediency of long range firing by infantry. While such firing is apt to result in an undue expenditure of ammunition it may be better controlled, it gives courage to the men as they advance, it is apt to be steadier in aim, and it may be more easily controlled by the officers. Such are the arguments in its favor.

☞According to the Pottsville Miners' Journal the coal sent from the Schuykill region last week amounted to 126,607 tons; corresponding week last year, 84,354 tons; increase, 42,253; for the present year thus far 3,211,148; last year, 2,734,378; increase, 996,875 tons.

HARRISON'S

Peristaltic Lozenges.

A POSITIVE CURE FOR

Costiveness, Dyspepsia,

PILES,

Oppression after Eating, Headache, Dizziness.

For thirty years these Lozenges have retained the confidence of the Medical Profession and the public generally, in spite of all competitors or imitators. They are the most effectual remedy for

HABITUAL COSTIVENESS,

and its results, viz.: Piles, Indigestion, Headache, Dizziness, Languor, Oppression of Food, Heartburn, Flatulence, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Torpid Liver, &c. &c.

Females who cannot endure strong purgatives find these Lozenges, admirably suited to the many complaints incident to their sex, by restoring nature and preventing periodical pains and obstructions. They are also just the thing for children suffering with worms, being a sure cure, and as agreeable to take as the most pleasant confection.

Travellers find the Lozenges just what they need, as they are so compact and inodorous that they may be carried in the vest pocket, and as an aperient or laxative they are unequaled.

Testimony of a Boston Merchant.

This certifies that I have used Dr. HARRISON'S PERISTALTIC LOZENGES, and after suffering a long time with the Piles I experienced an entire cure, and recommend their use to all afflicted in the same way without reserve, or especially if attended with any constipation. E. B. FORBES.

From the General Ticket Agent of Montreal and Boston Air Line Railroad.

LYNDEVILLE, Vt., March 29, 1877.

Messrs. E. S. HARRISON & Co.: Gents—The business of the line having increased very much, I am obliged to confine myself closely to office work, and have in consequence been much troubled with constipation. I find in your Lozenges just what I need; not a strong purgative, but an efficient help to nature. N. P. LOVERING, JR.

Price, 50 and 60 cents. For sale by all Druggists or will be sent, free of postage, on receipt of price, by

E. S. Harrison & Co., 49 Union St., Boston.

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The great popular remedy of the day for coughs, colds, asthma and all lung difficulties is Adamson's Botanic Balsam. Inexpensive, reliable, pleasant to take, cures as by magic, and gives universal satisfaction. A trial is the best testimonial. Price 35 cts. Samples free.

Married.

In Auburn, Aug. 19, Lewis M. Morse of Gray, to Verona W. Heath; Aug. 18, Moses Snell of Paris, to Cora A. DeCoster of Hebron.

In Athens, Aug. 18, Elisha Bowden to Etta E. Calden.

In Alberton, P. E. I., July 28, Auly Matthews Jr., to Elizabeth McNeil, both of Rimsdale.

In Bangor, Aug. 18, Willis A. Torrens of Brewer, to Emma S. Gross.

In Bucksport, Aug. 16, Horace W. Fifield to Emma E. Bowden; Aug. 18, Henry A. Gilley to Ella C. Leach.

In Bethel, Aug. 1, Chas. Dunham of Lawrence, Mass., to Mary A. Mills of Mason; Aug. 8, Herbert P. Hammond to Kate E. Jackson, both of Paris; Aug. 15, Ebenezer Stone, M. D., of Deering, to Thirza Mason.

In Biddeford, Aug. 13, John Silley to Amanda Cluff of Saco.

In Casco, Aug. 20, N. D. Johnson to Phebe Whitney.

In Charlottetown, P. E. I., Aug 21, Roderick Nicholson of Strathalbyn, to Ann McDonald; Aug. 15, Geo. Fall of Crapaud, to Elizabeth Vanderstine; Aug. 16, Wm. Molyneaux to Isabella Wheeler; Aug. 13, Angus McDougall to Caroline Lund; Aug. 1. Edward Gordon of Alberton, to Ellen Montgomery Ronalds of Montreal; Aug. 21, Robert Cale of Tignish, to Sarah Conners of St. Mary's.

In Eden, Aug. 19, Irving S. Anderson to Annie M. Davis of Trenton.

In Farmington, Aug. 12, W. L. Burke of Leavenworth, Kansas, to Mrs. Abby M. Forest; Aug. 11, Wm H. Spencer of Greenbush, to Orkia B. Kershaw of Dingley.

In Ferry Village, Aug. 18, Jos. R. Dyer to Hattie E. Dyer, both of Cape Elizabeth.

In Gardiner, Aug. 21, Alexander Skinner to Sarah L. Whitten, both of Steuben.

In Greenville, Aug. 50, Wm. O. Hilton to Laura M. Smith.

In Gardiner, Aug. 17, John R. Greenwood to Ella F. Taylor, both of Windsor.

In Hallowell, July 28, George L. Cutting to Mrs. Cherrie Keith, both of Augusta.

In Hudson, Aug. 5, Sam'l Stewart to Mrs. Elizabeth Robbins.

In Howland, Aug. 18, H. G. Sweat to Susan E. Wmship of Weston.

In Lewiston, Aug. 17, Franklin T. Griffin to Clara L. Morse of Livermore.

In Lagrange, June 31, W. W. Delano to Lizzie R. Hartwell, both of Abbott; Aug. 18, Leonard D. Carver to Mary C. Low, both of Waterville.

In New Glasgow, P. E. I., Aug. 18, Neil Gunn of Belfast, P. E. I., to Agnes Jane Simpson of Merigomish.

In Old Orchard, Aug. 13, Wm R. Smith to Isabelle Mcdonald.

In Orieans, Mass., Aug. 10, Rev. Sam'l Woodbury of Bluehill, to Adelia Doane.

In Portland, Aug. 18, Chester I. Orrand to

Poetry.

Leonardo's Bird-Cages.

BY MARGARET J. PRESTON.

Once in a city, long ago,
Milan its name, if you'd like to know,
Out with your atlasses, dears, and find
Just where the place is, so you'll mind,)
Lived there a famous artist, who
Painted, and carved, and sculptured too,
Better than any now, they say.

If you should ever chance to take
(Many a little "Wide Awake"
Certainly will!) a foreign tour,
When you're in Milan, you'll be sure
There to be shown, its colors dim,
One of the pictures drawn by him,—
Christ's Last Supper: and if your eyes
Fill, as you gaze on it, no surprise
Ought to be either yours or mine,
Over a face that's so divine.

Then, if you go to Paris,—there
In the great Louvre gallery where
Pictures are hung, they'll point you out
One that the world goes mad about.
O, such a portrait! all the while
It holds and it haunts you with its smile—
Beautiful Mona Lisa! She
Couldn't be bought for gold, you see—
Not if a king should come to buy
Her as she sits there: let him try!
"What is the reason?" Because no face
Ever was painted with a grace
Equal to this. But here's the thing
For which I have kept you listening
Rather too long.

He used to go—
This painter of whom I'd have you know—
Down to the market where they sold
Cages of birds all gay with gold,
Crimson and blue, on wing and crest,
Trapped as they just would leave the nest,
Thither he wandered day by day
Buying each cage within his way.
Making the ragged peasant glad,
Since they could sell him all they had.
Nor did it matter what his store,
Still he was always buying more.

"Why did he want so many?" Well,
Darlings, that's just what I'm going to tell,
Instantly, as soon as he brought a bird,
Over his up-turned head was heard
O, such a trill! so glad, so high,
Dropping right out of the sunny sky,
Into his heart, as naught else could,
Filling it full, as there he stood,
Holding the open wicker door,
Watching with joy the bright wings soar
Into the blue. "You know now?" He
Wanted them only to set them free!

"Wy do I love Leonardo so?"
Not for his rare, grand pictures,—no!
But for his sweet, great soul so stirred
Just by a little prisoned bird.

—*Wide Awake.*

Our Story Teller.

A MIDNIGHT DRAMA.

BY EDWARD BELLAMY.

What a sigh was that! not noisy, but profound and eloquent at once of an old grief and a fresh perplexity. Bob Withers, the gentleman in his shirt-sleeves before the mirror, had heaved that sigh every night for ten years, simultaneously with the act of removing from his head the fine chestnut wig which conceals the almost complete destitution of the natural covering. The grief is therefore an old one, but an element of perplexity has mingled with this nightly sigh more lately—namely, since having wooed and won Angie McLane in his wig, he has been screwing up his courage to the point of revealing to her that it is a wig, as he feels in fairness he ought to do. He has put it off, and put it off, never finding just the right opportunity for the confession, until now the wedding is but a month off, and the task seems harder, more impossible than ever. He is at present spending a couple of days at the house of the McLanes in the country, with a view to getting acquainted with the family. For the sake of enjoying unalloyed the pleasure of Angie's society for this short time, he has compromised with his conscience by resolving at once on leaving to write to her and tell the truth, and by no means to procrastinate further.

Meantime the process of getting acquainted with the family does not get on very prosperously. Bob is a poor match from the parental point of view, and a bitter disappointment to the McLanes. Nothing but Angie's resolute character could have extorted the grudging consent which their engagement had at length received. The family consisted, besides Angie, of her father and mother, and two brothers, John and George. Mr. McLane kept his room, being a confirmed invalid. John, strong willed and arrogant in temper, ruled the family with a rod of iron—George being kinder tempered, but of much less strength of character. Angie was the only member of the family whom John could not rule, and she had carried the point of her engagement against his bitter opposition. Mrs. McLane was a mere shuttlecock between John and Angie, receiving an impulse from one which lasted till the other got hold of her. John had accepted the engagement with an exceedingly bad grace, and made scarcely a decent pretense of concealing from Bob his contempt and hostility, and his desire to find any pretext for forcing a quarrel. This was particularly unpleasant and demoralizing to Bob, because the injury to his own self-respect by the sense of the tacit deceit he was guilty of as to his wig left him unable to meet John's overbearing insolence with the quiet dignity he would have liked to assume.

After going to bed he lay awake a couple of hours thinking over these embarrassing circumstances, and the delightful fact of Angie's love, to which they were offsets. In the course of his tossings he became aware that his seal ring was not on his finger, and instantly remembered that, after using it for a forfeit in a parlor game that evening, he had forgotten to replace it. Vexation at his carelessness instantly made him wide awake. The ring must be on the library table. If not, then he knew not where; and if there, it might be filched by a servant in the morning. Associations made it invaluable, and he found himself so uneasy about its safety that he could not sleep. Perhaps the best thing he could do was to quietly step down stairs in his stockings without disturbing anybody, and make sure about it. He knew that he could, even in the dark, steer his way straight to the library. In this sleepless, excited state of mind the slight tinge of adventure in his plan was an attraction.

Jumping out of bed he put on part of his clothes, and, softly opening the door of the room, went across the hall and down the stairs to the ground floor. It was quite dark, but he found his way easily, having a good topographic instinct. From the lower hall he entered the dining-room, and from that the library. The sea-coal fire in the grate was still flickering brightly, illuminating the sumptuously furnished room with a faint, soft glow of peculiarly rich effect.

There on the table his ring glittered in the fitful firelight, and, as he slipped it on his finger, he felicitated himself on his successful enterprise. The room was so charmingly cozy that he felt it would be a sin not to linger awhile. So throwing himself on a sofa before the grate, he fell into a delightful reverie.

Just there, in that chair, Angie had sat during the evening, and there he pictured her again, finally going and leaning over it in a caressing attitude, fondly cheating himself.

Over there had sat Mrs. McLane, and the chair back at once transfixed him with two critical eyes, till he was fain to look away. The brothers were there, and there.

Bob chuckled with a cozy sense of surreptitiousness as he thought how they would stare could they see him now. The subtle pleasure of clandestine things is doubtless partly the exaggeration of the personality which takes place as the pressure of other minds is withdrawn. To persons of Bob's sensitive mental atmosphere that pressure is painful when such minds are hostile, and often irksome even when they are friendly, if not in perfect accord. So that now it was with a positively voluptuous sensation that his personality expanded till it filled and felt the whole room.

The fire burned, and busily flew the shuttles of his fancy, weaving once again the often varied patterns of the future. Those shuttles had little leisure nowadays, for all the web must be unraveled and rewoven, that through it might run the golden thread of Angie's love. How rarely did it light up the fabric, before so dull and dark.

The bronze mantle-clock sounded with silvery tinkle the hour of two, but the sound fell evidently unheeded on the ear of the dreamer. It was a full minute before the impression reached his mind. There are times when the thoughts throng so that each new sensation has to take its place in the cue and wait its turn to get attention. Then he stirred and roused himself, emerging reluctantly from the warm, voluptuous atmosphere of imagination, as one leaves an enervating bath. He had been lying thus a full hour, and it was high time to return to bed. He left the library and started across the dining-room with a hasty step.

Perhaps long gazing at the fire had dazzled his eyes, or perhaps his haste, together with an undue confidence in his skill in navigation by dead-reckoning, rendered him less careful than when he had come down. However that may be, a light-stand which he had easily avoided then, he now blundered fully upon.

Everybody knows that when one stubs the toe in the dark, instead of delivering the blow when the foot is moving slowest, at the beginning or the end of the step, it always happens so that the toe strikes with the maximum momentum. So it was this time. If Bob had been kicking football he could not have made a nicer calculation of force, and the shock sent the stand completely over.

It would have made noise enough anyhow, but it must happen that on this stand the family silver was laid out for breakfast, and the clangor was similar to that of Apollo's silver bow, what time he let fly at the Grecian host before Troy.

Bob stood paralyzed with horror. Even the anguish of a terribly-stubbed toe was forgotten in an overpowering sense of the awful mess he had made, and the unimaginable consequences that would at once ensue. As the hideous clangor and clatter rang through the house, shattering its sacred silence, he shrank together and made himself small, as if he could impart a sympathetic shrinkage to the noise. The racket to his own ears was splitting enough, but he felt, in addition, as if he heard it with the ears of all the family, and he wilted before the conception of the feelings that were at that moment starting up in their minds toward the unknown cause of it.

His first rational idea was, to bolt for his room, and gain it before any one was fairly roused. But the shock had so scattered his wits that he could not at once recollect his bearings, and he realized, with indescribable sensations, that he was lost. He consumed precious moments bumping himself all about the room before he found the right door.

As he reached the foot of the staircase, voices were audible above, and lights were gleaming down. His retreat was cut off: he could not get back to his room without being discovered. He now distinguished the voice of Mrs. McLane in an agitated tone entreating somebody to be careful and not get shot, the gruff voices of the brothers responding, and then their steps rapidly descending the stairs. Should he go up and take the risk of a volley while announcing himself? It would make a pretty tableaux. Presenting himself in such a guise and under such circumstances, what sort of a reception could he expect from John, who treated him with undisguised contempt in the drawing-room, and whose study it was to place him at a disadvantage? He might have hesitated longer, but at this moment the voice of Angie, crying down to her brothers to be careful, decided him. He could not face her under such terribly false circumstances, and without his wig.

All this took place far quicker than I can write it. The glimmer of the descending lamp already shone dimly in the hall, and Bob frantically looked about him for a hiding-place. But all the furniture stood up too high from the floor, and the corners were distressingly bare. He sprang into the dining-room, but in the dark he could not see how the land lay, and hurried on into the library.

The dying fire still shed a dim light around, and he eagerly canvassed the various possibilities of concealment which the room offered. Youthful experience in the game of hide-and-seek now stood him in good stead, and showed him at a glance the inutility of a refugee of half a dozen places that would have deluded one less practiced by the specious but too-easily-guessed shelter they afforded.

Vainly seeking a safe refuge, he ran round the apartment like a rat in a trap. He already heard the brothers in the dining-room picking up the silver and wondering to find it all there, when, obeying a sudden inspiration, he clambered upon a lofty bookcase that ran across one end of the room, arching above the dining-room door, and reaching within a few feet of the ceiling. In cold blood he never could have sealed it. Lying at full length upon the top of the bookcase with his back to the wall, the bulge of him was still visible to the farther part of the room, in case it should occur to his pursuers to look so high.

The latter now entered the library; and, peering over the edge of the bookcase, Bob recognized with singular sensations the two gentlemen with whom he had been quietly conversing a little earlier in the evening. Then they were arrayed in faultless evening dress, and their manner, although supercilious enough, was calm and polished. Now he saw them half dressed, with disheveled hair—John carrying a student's lamp in his left hand, and in his right an ugly-looking cane-sword with a blade plainly naked, while George held a revolver at full cock.

Talking in a low tone, as they called one another's attention to various spots where possibly the burglar might be concealed, they went slowly from corner to corner, probing every recess with the sword, and in an attitude of strained attention to every sound. Their faces, grotesquely lit by the the mingled fire and lamp light, showed a fierce hunter's look that made Bob fairly sick.

He did not dare to look at them long lest the magnetism of his gaze should attract their involuntary attention. Nay, he even made a frantic effort not to think of them, from the fear that some physical current might have the same effect—for he believed strongly, though vaguely, in the mysteries of animal magnetism, and had a notion that a person sensitive to such influences might detect the presence of his victim by the very terror the latter had of him.

He could scarcely believe his fortune, when, a moment later, the two brothers passed again beneath him back into the dining-room.

From there they went on through the rooms beyond, and the sound of their footsteps died away entirely.

Perhaps five minutes after, they returned—that is, as far as the dining-room—and Bob gathered from their conversation that they had found one of the fastenings in the basement in a condition indicating the burglar might have escaped there.

Mrs. McLane and Angie, having satisfied themselves that the coast was clear, descended to the dining-room, and a lively discussion of all aspects of the problem ensued, which was highly edifying to Bob.

Then the conversation became still more interesting, as it turned on himself. He heard Mrs. McLane saying:

"He must be a hard sleeper, for I knocked several times on his door."

Then one of the brothers grunted something contemptuously, and he heard Angie's voice excusing him on the ground that he must be tired after his long journey.

"Are you sure you looked everywhere in the library?" was Mrs. McLane's next question, at which a cold sweat started out on Bob's face. He had just begun to feel quite comfortable.

John and George, however, declared that they had looked everywhere.

"Did you look under the sofa?"

"Behind the window-curtains?"

"In that dark corner by the bookcase?" asked the ladies in succession.

Ingenious cruelty of Fate! Even Angie was racking her brain to guess his hiding place. What if it should be she who hit upon it!

Bob drew a breath of relief as John replied, with some asperity, to all these questions, that he had told them once that they looked everywhere.

This silenced them, but Angie said, a moment after:

"Just let me ask one more question: Did you look on top of the bookcase?"

It seemed to Bob that he died then, and came to life again to hear John reply, contemptuously:

"Over the bookcase? There's no room there; and, if there were, nobody but a monkey could get up."

"There's room enough," persisted Angie, "and I have often noticed, when sitting in the library, what a nice hiding-place it would be. What if he should be up there now, and hear what I'm saying!" she added, in an agitated whisper.

"Nonsense!" said John.

"Well, there is no harm in looking, anyway," said Mrs. McLane.

"Come along, then," grumbled John. "You shall see for yourselves."

At this Bob shut his eyes, and turned his face to the wall. The ostrich instinct is the human instinct of despair. He tried to fly away from himself, and leave his body there as a derelict. The effort was desperate, and seemed almost successful. But he could not quite sever the connection, though his soul appeared to be hovering over his body, only attached by a single thread—but a thread which, alas! would not break.

A moment after they all passed through the door directly beneath him, and, going clear to the other end of the library, stood on tiptoe, and peered at his hiding-place. There seemed to be eyes in his back, which felt their scrutiny. But the lamp they carried did not suffice to bring out his figure clearly.

"I'm sure I see something," said Angie, getting up on a chair.

"It's only the shadow of the firelight," replied John.

"Light the gas and let us make sure," said Mrs. McLane.

George stood up on a chair under the chandelier, and lighted one of the burners, with inarticulate ejaculation fell from every mouth. A human figure was distinctly visible, reclining along the top of the bookcase, with his face toward the wall. The ladies would have forthwith run away but for the fact that one door of the room was directly beneath the bookcase, and the other close to it. Upon Bob's paralyzed senses fell the sharp words of John:

"We've got you. Get down!"

He did not move, but at the summons his soul, with inexpressible reluctance and disgust, began to return from the end of its floating thread, and reinhabit the quarters for which it could not quite shake off responsibility.

"Get up, or I'll shoot!" said George.

"Oh, don't shoot him!" said Mrs. McLane, while Bob, still motionless, dimly hoped he would.

"Get up!" reiterated John; and he did get up. His own will was inactive, and John's was the force that moved his muscles. He turned around and sat up, his legs dangling over the edge of the bookcase, and his wet, white, wretched face blankly directed toward the group—a most pitiable figure.

"Jump down," said John; "and if you try to escape, you will get shot!"

Bob let himself drop without regard to how he was to alight, and in consequence was severely bruised against a chair and the edges of the bookcase.

He stood facing the group. His eyes mechanically sought Angie's. What was his surprise not to perceive in her expression of mingled curiosity and fright the slightest sign of recognition! A glance showed him that it was the same with the others. John and George evidently supposed they were dealing with an ordinary burglar, and the others were apparently quite as devoid of suspicion as to identify. His wig! He had forgotten all about it. That explained their singular demeanor.

The bald man in stockings, trousers and shirt, caught hiding in the library after an attempt on the silver, quite naturally failed to recall to their minds the youth of rather foppish attire and luxuriant locks who bade them good-night a few hours previous. As this fact and its explanation broke on Bob's mind he felt an immense sense of relief, instantly followed by a more poignant perception of the inextricable falsity of his position. He had little time to think it over and determine which was the best course.

John stepped forward, and with the point of his cane-sword motioned him into a corner, thus leaving the way clear to the ladies, who at once hurried into the dining-room, throwing glances of fear and aversion on Bob as they passed. Angie paused at the door and asked:

"What are you going to do with the dreadful man?"

Bob even then was able to notice he had never seen her so ravishingly beautiful as now, with her golden hair falling over her charming *deshabille*, while her eyes scintillated with excitement. She would have blushed to have been seen by him in such an undress toilet, but with an odd feeling of being double, he perceived that she now regarded him as she would an animal.

"George and I will attend to him. You had better go to bed," replied John to her question; and then he sent George after some cord, meanwhile quietly standing in front of Bob with cocked revolver. Had he scanned his prisoner closely, he might have detected something familiar in his lineaments, but in careless contempt he took him in with a sweeping glance as an average burglar, whose identity was a question for the police.

Bob had not uttered a word. In the complete falsity of his position he could not indeed muster presence of mind enough to say on any course, but regarded with a kind of fatuity the extraordinary direction events were taking. But when George returned with the rope, and ordered him to put his hands behind him, he said, in a tone so quiet that it surprised himself:

"Hold on, Mr. McLane,; this joke has gone far enough. I am Robert Withers, at your service, and respectfully decline to be considered in the light of a burglar any further."

George's jaw dropped with astonishment, and John was scarcely less taken aback.

"D—n if he isn't!" ejaculated the former, after a moment, in a tone of incredulous conviction, as he recognized at once the voice and now the features of Bob; "but where's your hair?"

Bob blushed painfully.

"I wear a wig," he replied, "and to-night, coming down stairs after you were all abed, to get my ring, which I had left on the table here, I did not fully dress. Going back, it was my luck to stumble over that cursed stand in the other room."

"But what did you hide for?" asked John, sharply.

Bob just touched his bald head and replied:

"I heard the ladies up."

John pitched the revolver on the sofa and stood pensive. Finally he said, with a sardonic smile:

"Mr. Withers, how do you propose to get out of this? Shall I call in the ladies and let you explain? They will be wanting to know what we have done with the burglar."

Bob made no reply. Already bitterly humiliated, he saw no way of avoiding indefinite and yet bitterer humiliations.

John thought a few minutes longer, and then he said:

"Take a seat, Mr. Withers; I have a proposition to make."

They sat down.

"You are aware," continued John, in the calmest, most imperturbable tone, "that I don't like your match with my sister, and have done my best to break it off. But she is an obstinate girl, and I had pretty much given up hope. These peculiar circumstances have most unexpectedly put you in my power, and I propose to make the most of my advantage. If I were to call in Angie now and introduce you, I feel tolerably well assured that it would be the end of your matrimonial expectations in that quarter. Still, you shall have a chance for your life. I will call her if you say so?" And John rose.

"For God's sake, don't let her come in here!" groaned Bob, in abject panic.

John grinned, stepped to the door, and then turned back irresolutely, muttering:

"Wonder if it wouldn't be the shortest way to call her down?" Then, with a saving reflection upon the uncertainty of a woman's course under any given set of circumstances, he came back, and, reseating himself opposite Bob, said, with a sardonic smile: "So you don't like my little suggestion of giving you one more chance with Angie? On the whole, I think you are wise. The other alternative is to leave the house at once, relinquish your engagement, and never see her again. Make your choice, and as quickly as convenient, for I'm getting sleepy," and he yawned lazily.

Bob sat in an attitude of utter dejection, staring at the ashes of the fire, which an hour ago had blazed as brightly as his own love-lit fancies. He was completely demoralized and almost incapable of thought or resolution. There was something so pitiable in Bob's odd-looking, dismantled figure, half dressed, with that queer, white, bulbous head, dimmed, black eyes, and expression of crushing shame and defeat, that it would have moved almost any one to compassion. It did stir compunction in George, but there was no mercy in John's still, blue eyes. Two or three minutes passed in silence so complete that even the almost noiseless movement of the French clock on the mantel was distinctly audible.

"You are taking altogether too long to make up your mind, Mr. Withers. It will make shorter work to call Angie," finally said John, sharply, his patience quite at end. He rose and stepped to the door as he spoke.

"It wont be necessary, John—here I am!" said a clear voice, with a sharp ring in it that the family had learned to know meant decisive work, and Angie stepped into the room, her blue eyes flashing with indignation and her lips trembling with scorn, beautiful as a goddess.

Bob started up from his abject attitude and stood facing her with a look of a man wanting his doom from the firing-squad. As he stood there, drawn up to his full height, with just a touch of appeal softening the defiance of his expression, it was a manly face and figure in spite of all. But her brothers received Angie's first attention.

"You mean, cowardly fellows!" she said, in tones of concentrated contempt. "I would not have believed that men are so mean!—And I am almost as much ashamed of you, Mr. Withers," she added, turning to Bob, with a softer but yet angry voice. "Did you think, sir, that I took you for a beauty? I don't care if you wear forty wigs, or none. You are absurdly vain, sir." She was smiling now. "You should know that when a woman loves a man it is of grace and not of works. Anyhow, John," she added, turning to him, as if contrasting his slight figure with Bob's fine *physique*, "Mr. Withers doesn't wear shoulder pads." With that parting shot she disappeared into the dining-room, and in a moment reappearing to say: "Mr. Withers, you may forgive them if you want to. I'm by no means sure that I shall. And now go to bed, all of you, and don't be keeping us awake.

There was an outward silence for a few moments. Then John said:

"I don't ask your pardon, Mr. Withers, because I meant to succeed, and I'm sorry I didn't. But I know when I'm beaten, and you need expect no further opposition from me. Let's go to bed."

☞The Providence Press says that a wealthy merchant doing business in that city and living in an adjacent town lost his pocket-book a few mornings since while coming to his place of business. The purse contained $750 in money, besides a large number of valuable papers. A poor lady, who depended entirely on the labor of her hands for her daily support, found the purse, and after a long, tedious search restored it to the owner. The merchant, after thoroughly catechising the lady, he dismissed her with the promise of an early reward, which she received the next morning in the shape of a small bottle of cologne costing twenty-five cents.

☞A servant, newly engaged, presented his master one morning a pair of boots the leg of one of which was much longer than the other. "How comes it that these boots are not of the same length?" "I really don't know, sir; but what bothers me is that the pair down stairs is in the same fix."

The Skeleton in the Shaft.

One of the saddest mysteries brought to light for years was almost literally unearthed in Crawford county, Michigan, a few days ago, and in the most singular manner possible. William H. French, a Pittsburg dry-goods clerk, and Fairweather Martin of Chicago, old schoolmates, were hunting and exploring through that part of the State, and taking a summer vacation. On the evening of the 7th inst., French shot at a turkey which came near their camp. The bird was wounded and could not fly away, but half flew and half ran along the ground before him. He had not followed it over two hundred feet from camp when he suddenly found himself going down into the bowels of the earth. In the uncertain light and George evidently supposed they were dealing with an ordinary burglar, and the others were apparently quite as devoid of suspicion as to identify. His wig! He had forgotten all about it. That explained their singular demeanor.

The bald man in stockings, trousers and shirt, caught hiding in the library after an attempt on the silver, quite naturally failed to recall to their minds the youth of rather foppish attire and luxuriant locks who bade them good-night a few hours previous. As this fact and its explanation broke on Bob's mind he felt an immense sense of relief, instantly followed by a more poignant perception of the inextricable falsity of his position. He had little time to think it over and determine which was the best course.

John stepped forward, and with the point of his cane-sword motioned him into a corner, thus leaving the way clear to the ladies, who at once hurried into the dining-room, throwing glances of fear and aversion on Bob as they passed. Angie paused at the door and asked:

"What are you going to do with the dreadful man?"

Bob even then was able to notice he had never seen her so ravishingly beautiful as now, with her golden hair falling over her charming *deshabille*, while her eyes scintillated with excitement. She would have blushed to have been seen by him in such an undress toilet, but with an odd feeling of being double, he perceived that she now regarded him as she would an animal.

"George and I will attend to him. You had better go to bed," replied John to her question; and then he sent George after some cord, meanwhile quietly standing in front of Bob with cocked revolver. Had he scanned his prisoner closely, he might have detected something familiar in his lineaments, but in careless contempt he took him in with a sweeping glance as an average burglar, whose identity was a question for the police.

Bob had not uttered a word. In the complete falsity of his position he could not indeed muster presence of mind enough to say on any course, but regarded with a kind of fatuity the extraordinary direction events were taking. But when George returned with the rope, and ordered him to put his hands behind him, he said, in a tone so quiet that it surprised himself:

"Hold on, Mr. McLane,; this joke has gone far enough. I am Robert Withers, at your service, and respectfully decline to be considered in the light of a burglar any further."

George's jaw dropped with astonishment, and John was scarcely less taken aback.

"D—n if he isn't!" ejaculated the former, after a moment, in a tone of incredulous conviction, as he recognized at once the voice and now the features of Bob; "but where's your hair?"

Bob blushed painfully.

"I wear a wig," he replied, "and to-night, coming down stairs after you were all abed, to get my ring, which I had left on the table here, I did not fully dress. Going back, it was my luck to stumble over that cursed stand in the other room."

"But what did you hide for?" asked John, sharply.

Bob just touched his bald head and replied:

"I heard the ladies up."

John pitched the revolver on the sofa and stood pensive. Finally he said, with a sardonic smile:

"Mr. Withers, how do you propose to get out of this? Shall I call in the ladies and let you explain? They will be wanting to know what we have done with the burglar."

Bob made no reply. Already bitterly humiliated, he saw no way of avoiding indefinite and yet bitterer humiliations.

John thought a few minutes longer, and then he said:

"Take a seat, Mr. Withers; I have a proposition to make."

They sat down.

"You are aware," continued John, in the calmest, most imperturbable tone, "that I don't like your match with my sister, and have done my best to break it off. But she is an obstinate girl, and I had pretty much given up hope. These peculiar circumstances have most unexpectedly put you in my power, and I propose to make the most of my advantage. If I were to call in Angie now and introduce you, I feel tolerably well assured that it would be the end of your matrimonial expectations in that quarter. Still, you shall have a chance for your life. I will call her if you say so?" And John rose.

"For God's sake, don't let her come in here!" groaned Bob, in abject panic.

John grinned, stepped to the door, and then turned back irresolutely, muttering:

"Wonder if it wouldn't be the shortest way to call her down?" Then, with a saving reflection upon the uncertainty of a woman's course under any given set of circumstances, he came back, and, reseating himself opposite Bob, said, with a sardonic smile: "So you don't like my little suggestion of giving you one more chance with Angie? On the whole, I think you are wise. The other alternative is to leave the house at once, relinquish your engagement, and never see her again. Make your choice, and as quickly as convenient, for I'm getting sleepy," and he yawned lazily.

Bob sat in an attitude of utter dejection, staring at the ashes of the fire, which an hour ago had blazed as brightly as his own love-lit fancies. He was completely demoralized and almost incapable of thought or resolution. There was something so pitiable in Bob's odd-looking, dismantled figure, half dressed, with that queer, white, bulbous head, dimmed, black eyes, and expression of crushing shame and defeat, that it would have moved almost any one to compassion. It did stir compunction in George, but there was no mercy in John's still, blue eyes. Two or three minutes passed in silence so complete that even the almost noiseless movement of the French clock on the mantel was distinctly audible.

"You are taking altogether too long to make up your mind, Mr. Withers. It will make shorter work to call Angie," finally said John, sharply, his patience quite at end. He rose and stepped to the door as he spoke.

"It wont be necessary, John—here I am!" said a clear voice, with a sharp ring in it that the family had learned to know meant decisive work, and Angie stepped into the room, her blue eyes flashing with indignation and her lips trembling with scorn, beautiful as a goddess.

Bob started up from his abject attitude and stood facing her with a look of a man wanting his doom from the firing-squad. As he stood there, drawn up to his full height, with just a touch of appeal softening the defiance of his expression, it was a manly face and figure in spite of all. But her brothers received Angie's first attention.

"You mean, cowardly fellows!" she said, in tones of concentrated contempt. "I would not have believed that men are so mean!—And I am almost as much ashamed of you, Mr. Withers," she added, turning to Bob, with a softer but yet angry voice. "Did you think, sir, that I took you for a beauty? I don't care if you wear forty wigs, or none. You are absurdly vain, sir." She was smiling now. "You should know that when a woman loves a man it is of grace and not of works. Anyhow, John," she added, turning to him, as if contrasting his slight figure with Bob's fine *physique*, "Mr. Withers doesn't wear shoulder pads." With that parting shot she disappeared into the dining-room, and in a moment reappearing to say: "Mr. Withers, you may forgive them if you want to. I'm by no means sure that I shall. And now go to bed, all of you, and don't be keeping us awake.

There was an outward silence for a few moments. Then John said:

"I don't ask your pardon, Mr. Withers, because I meant to succeed, and I'm sorry I didn't. But I know when I'm beaten, and you need expect no further opposition from me. Let's go to bed."

☞"The millennium has come," said a lion to a lamb; "suppose you come out of the fold and let us lie down together, as it has been foretold we should." "Been to dinner to-day?" inquired the lamb. "Not a bite of anything since breakfast," was the reply, "except a few lean swine, a saddle or two, and some old harness." "I distrust a millennium," continued the lamb, thoughtfully, "which consists solely in our lying down together. However, you may go over yonder hill and lie down until I come."

☞"I lived with him nineteen years," says an Indiana applicant for divorce, "and all the clothes he ever bought me was a bunch of hair pins and a tooth brush." You can see by this what a hard time she had to keep well dressed.

☞"Please make yourself quite at 'ome, General," observes the hospitable British aristocrat to General Grant. "Put your legs right hup on the table and spit hon the floor, just as you do in Hamerica. Never mind the carpet. Hand by all means whittle the chair with your jack-knife. Hi know you must feel like h—you all whittle your furniture in Hamerica."

Two Minutes too Late.

With his good-by ringing in her ears, Drucie Miller re-entered the little telegraph office and dropped into the chair before the clicking instrumen'. Glancing at the clock above her head, she noticed that it was almost time for her to close the office for the night, and seek her humble home at the foot of one of the darkest streets of the village.

The rumbling of the train which had just left the station was growing fainter and fainter, and the girl listened to it as though it was the voice of a friend who was leaving her for a long time.

She did not expect any more messages that night; the engine breathing heavily from its great iron lungs on the track near her window would not move until the night express had passed up, and the engineer knowing this, had sought his sweetheart who lived in the village.

Tom Gray, the engineer of the train just departing, was Drucie's lover, and his intimate friends knew when the wedding was to take place. He had not known her long, but that did not matter, since he was a true fellow, who loved her with all his heart, and with all hers she loved Tom.

The rumble of the train at length died away, and Drucie was about to shut off the current and leave the office, when a message began to fall upon her ears.

She started, for the first words drove the color from her cheeks, and standing over the instrument she read this message:

"Number ten switch at Colby till number six passes. Six just starting."

"Six just starting! My God! They will meet!" cried the beautiful operator, starting from the table, "what can I do to save him—them?"

And with her eyes staring at the clock, she stood in the centre of the room, thinking of the two trains approaching each other through the mist that almost hid the moon.

The real situation, enough to blanch a young girl's cheek, was appalling.

The order for the train which had just left Fletcher to switch at Colby, could not be obeyed now. The telegraph, even, could not stop it, for there was no night office at Colby. It was an unusual matter for number six to leave Fort Wayne before the arrival of number ten; but as the latter train was some twelve minutes behind time on that particular night, six, anxious to leave on time, to save its connection, telegraphed to Fletcher the message which had so startled Drucie Miller.

From Fletcher to a point four miles below Colby, the company had completed a double track, which, when finished to Fort Wayne, would obviate the trouble of switching and prevent accidents.

When Drucie recovered her self-possession, she started from the office with the message in her hand. It had arrived just two minutes too late, and Tom Gray, unconscious of its existence, was driving his engine ahead, and thinking of the girl he had lately kissed adieu. He knew that it was known in Fort Wayne that he was unavoidably behind time, and thought that according to the custom, the express, waiting there, would not move out until he had arrived.

But let us return to Drucie Miller.

She saw the freight train standing on the new track already mentioned and caught a glimpse of the young fireman asleep on his box.

A determined resolution entered her head, and the next moment she was standing in the engine-room with her hand on the boy's shoulder.

"That you, Miss Drucie?" said the boy, rousing himself with a yawn. "Laws a mercy!—"

"Get out and uncouple the freight!" she cried. "Tom's moved out, and if he don't switch at Colby everybody will be killed. We must catch him!"

The boy with a cry of horror left the engine, and a minute later the freight cars were standing idly on the track while the engine and its tender were moving out gaining momentum at each revolution of the wheel.

"What'll Dick say when he comes back and find his engine gone?" says the boy, looking up into Drucie's face.

"What do we care what he says? What is Dick's life to the precious lives on the two trains? Jim, how fast can your engine travel?"

"About two miles a minute!" the boy answered, with a smile. "She's the swiftest bird on the road. But I don't think we can catch number ten; we might if we had Dick with us. He knows how to manage the Belle."

"And so do I. Wood up, Jim! Fill the furnace chock full. We must catch Tom this side of the track's terminus or—"

The girl paused and looked at the pale boy.

"Or what, Miss Drucie?"

"Or blow up!"

"That's what's the matter!" said Jim, catching her spirit. "And we'll catch him, too! Wood! wood! There the furnace is chock full. Golly—whiz! how we are going!"

Drucie smiled faintly at the boy and noted the hand of the gauge. The engine had received new momentum which momentarily increased, and all at once Jim, who had been trying to pierce the haze, said:

"Two miles a minute, I'll bet, Miss Drucie. If it was daylight the telegraph poles would resemble a fine-tooth comb."

But the girl did not reply. She stood before the lever, wishing that she could urge the engine to greater speed. She had calculated that the two trains would meet in a gulch that embraced a curve about six miles below Colby. It was a terrible place for a collision, and the loss of life there would be great. The haze or mist would prevent the engineers from seeing each other, and a collision was inevitable.

The train, which seemed to have broken loose, rushed madly on, with Jim looking at Drucie, whom he was inclined to believe mad. The cold mist slowly turning to a drizzle, was occasionally blown against his face by the wind; it served to cool his heated temples, and to make him think calmly of his situation and the folks at home.

So fast were they moving, that they seemed to glide over the rails, scarcely touching them in their mad career, and when Drucie told Jim to listen for the sound of Tom's train ahead, the boy poked his head out of the window and held his breath.

"It appears to me I hear a sound," he said, without turning his head. "Mebbe I'm mistaken—so many things appear to me just now."

"Thank God!" ejaculated the girl. "Listen with all your might, Jim. Oh, for the speed of a bullet!"

Her face was glowing with heat, and while Jim listened she opened the furnace door and threw in the last stick of wood they possessed.

"The wood's gone, Jim. How far yet can we go at this rate of speed?"

"About fifteen miles," the boy answered, "twenty of 'em, if we must do it."

"Then we'll catch him. Colby must be nine miles away yet, and the gulch is six miles further on—fifteen miles! Jim, can't you hear him yet?"

"No; I guess that I was mistaken awhile back," the boy said, and Drucie's countenance fell.

"There is the sound again!" he exclaimed a minute later. "Listen for yourself, girl."

Drucie went to the window and put her head out.

"That's Tom!" she cried, "Oh, Heaven. let me save him and all the other precious lives to-night!"

With this prayer she turned to the furnace again and smiled at the red hot doors. The engine and its empty tender seemed to fly over the track, and when Drucie looked at Jim again, she found him staring at the gauge.

"What's the matter, Jim?" she asked. He come forward with his hand extended toward the little instrument.

"A little more fire and we'll blow up," he gasped.

"Tom would hear the expoision and stop the train. It might prevent the collision!" was Drucie's reply.

It was not evident that the sound ahead was that of Tom Gray's train, and the girl prepared to warn her lover of this danger. The tracks were quite close, and she told the fire boy to watch the machinery while she attended to that part of the warning work which she had allotted to herself.

The sound of the train on the other track grew momentarily more distinct, and the daring girl fancied that she could hear number six coming through the valley below Colby.

"Yes, it's Tom!" she cried, to encourage the boy at the lever, "I see his light. Now?"

Then she leaned out of the window and shouted at the top of her voice:

"Switch at Colby! Switch at Colby. Colby, six! Colby, six!"

Many times she repeated her cry, and all at once she dashed by the heavy train.

Right into her lover's face as he leaned from his engine she shouted, "Switch at Colby!" and heard the shrieks that told her he would obey.

"Saved! saved, Jim!" she cried with joy, turning upon the breathless boy, who already was checking the Belle's speed.

☞"Will the boy who threw that pepper on the stove please come up here and get a present of a nice book." said a Sunday-school superintendent in Iowa; but the boy never moved. He was a far-seeing boy.

☞"When is a newspaper the sharpest? When it's filed.

Young Folks' Column.

A Buttercup.

A little yellow buttercup
Stood laughing in the sun;
The grass all green around it,
The summer just begun;
Its saucy little head abrim
With happiness and fun.

Near by—grown old, and gone to seed,
A dandelion grew;
To right and left with every breeze
His snowy tresses flew.
He shook his hoary head, and said:
"I've some advice for you.

"Don't think, because you're yellow now,
That golden days will last;
I was as gay as you are, once,
But now my youth is past.
This day will be my last to bloom;
The hours are going fast.

"Perhaps your fun may last a week,
But then you'll have to die."
The dandelion ceased to speak,—
A breeze that capered by
Snatched all the white hairs from his head,
And wafted them on high.

His yellow neighbor first looked sad,
Then, cheering up, he said:
"If one's to live in fear of death,
One might as well be dead."
The little buttercup laughed on,
And waved his golden head.

—*St. Nicholas.*

The Silver Necklace.

Dorothea Grey had many playthings, but her favorite among them all was a playhouse. It was about two feet high, and had four rooms furnished as neatly as rooms in a real house in which grown people live.

The ladies were getting up a fair for the Orphan's Home, and Dorothea's Aunt Helene was embroidering a sofa cushion for it, and mamma was painting some pictures, but Dorothea was doing nothing.

One day mamma said to Dorothea:

"What does my little girl expect to do for the fair?"

"Why, I don't know, mamma," said Dorothea. "I can't sew much. Even my dolly, Wilhelmina Bianca, don't like her clothes. Maybe little girls needn't do anything."

"They need not," said mamma, "but you want to, do you not? You would like to make a little girl happy, wouldn't you? If you cannot make anything, you can give something."

"Yes, mamma," said Dorothea, slowly. She thought of her playhouse, and a lump came into her throat. Oh, no; she would give anything away but that.

She went into the garden and raced with Ponto, and Aunt Helene gave her a big seed-cake, but neither play nor goodies could banish the thought of the playhouse, and how happy it would make some little orphan girl, from her mind; so at last she crept into the parlor, and begged her mamma to tell her a story.

"What shall it be about?" asked mamma.

"Oh, don't know," said Dorothea. "Probley, mamma